

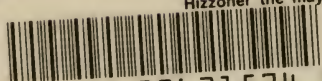


WILLIAM L. CROSS LIBRARY

hbl, stx

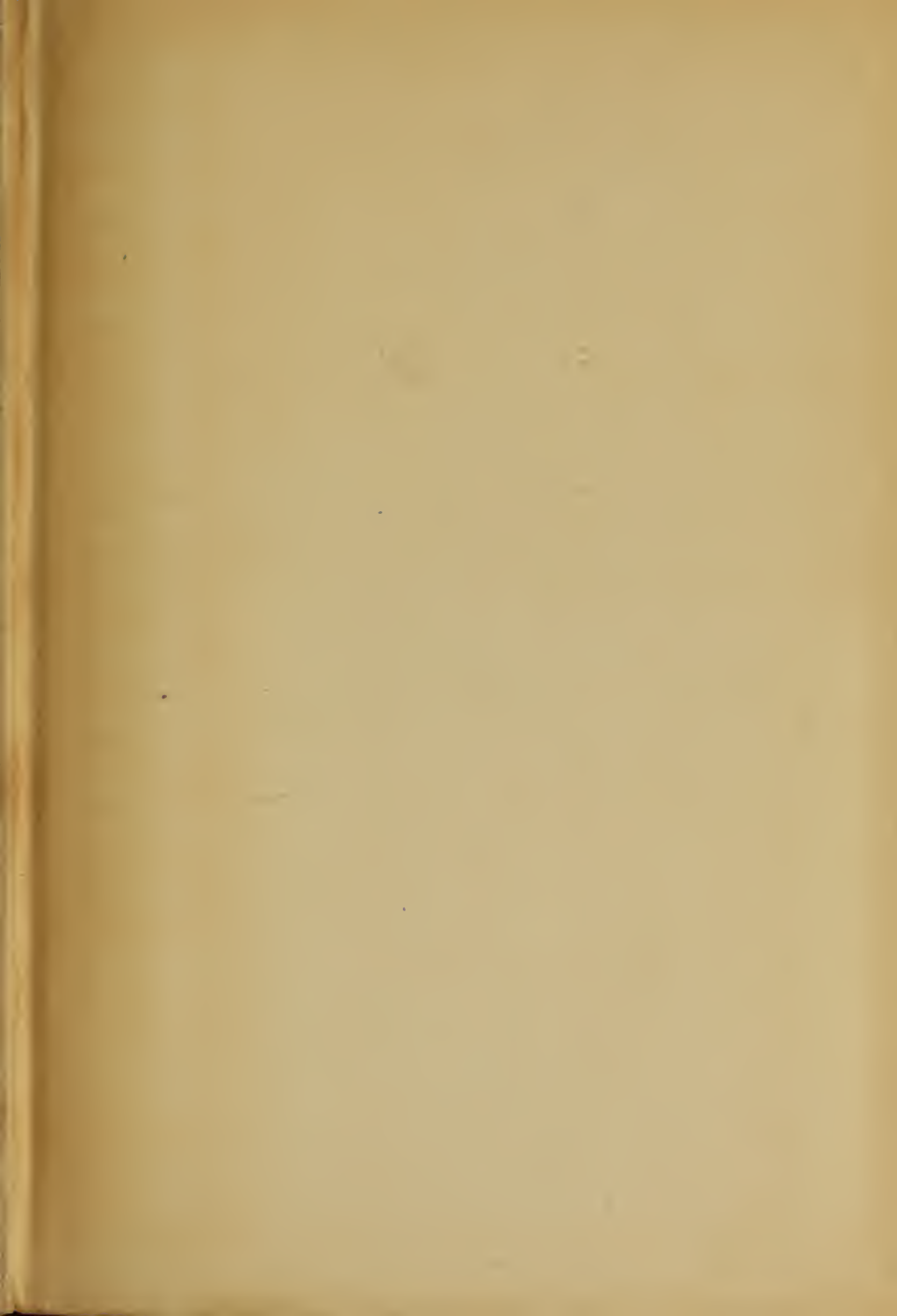
PZ 3.S2755Hi

Hizzoner the mayor,



3 9153 00621574 5

PZ/3/S2755/Hi







HIZZONER THE MAYOR



# HIZZONER THE MAYOR

*A Novel by*

JOEL SAYRE

*New York*

*The John Day Company*

COPYRIGHT, 1933, BY JOEL SAYRE

MANUFACTURED IN THE U. S. A.  
FOR THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK  
BY THE STRATFORD PRESS, INC., NEW YORK

*TO*  
BRUCE RAE

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Joel Sayre was born in Indiana in 1900, but shortly thereafter began being raised in Columbus, Ohio, where he was educated in private schools. During the World War he served briefly with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in Siberia. After the armistice he attended, at various times, Williams, Toronto, Oxford, Heidelberg, Marburg and the Bliss Business College.

For ten years, off and on, he was a reporter. The off years included attempts to write advertising copy, be a school master and study medicine. None of these attempts was a success. The on years included service on the *Ohio State Journal*, the *New York Telegram*, the *New York Daily News* and the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Mr. Sayre is the author of a previous novel, *Rackety Rax*.

HIZZONER THE MAYOR





---

# 1

---

THE CIRCASSIAN walnut bed, all whorls and volutes and with ruffles of mauve silk flouncing its sideboards, lay near the largest window in the largest bedroom of the largest suite in the Hotel Schlitz-Monopol. On the bed, in a cerement of sheets from which protruded two feet, the left socked, the right bare, lay a long figure, vast at the middle. It was 6 o'clock on a sticky morning late in July. A mosquito, unaccustomed to such dizzy heights, flew timidly into the room, explored the pair of blue serge trousers hanging from the rococo chandelier, and finally, with that marvelous instinct possessed by even our smallest creatures, made for the mummy on the bed in a series of zooms.

*"Zumfphmeeeahmeeah"* it whined as it whizzed about and stabbed at the Brobdignagian feet. First the right big toe and then the little toe, followed by the others like dancers in a Roxy ballet, moved in feeble protest. Curious, the mosquito swooped up and down the summits and craters of the sheeting until it came to the mummy's head. Out of the windings stuck an enormous, long-lobed, fleshy question-mark of an ear and this the mosquito began to search thoroughly: *"Zumfphmeeeahmeah! Zumfphmeeeahmeeahmeeahmeeahmeeahmeeah!"*

The mummy twitched and stirred; from the shroud an arm emerged and a hand fanned the ear; the speed and intensity of the zumfphmeeahs increased; there was a wild whirl of bedclothes; and up sat John Norris (Jolly John) Holtsapple, four times Mayor of the Greater City of Malta, in his underwear.

With his hands on his knees, he puckered his face into a hideous grimace, squeezed his eyes tight as he yawned, shook his great head, deeply inhaled.

*"Pheeeew!"*

His Honor, grievously overhung, indulged in a giant jitter. At first the room and its familiar

objects came to him in a wobbling blur, as though he were looking under water; but after he had dug his knuckles several times into his eye-sockets the astigmatism left him. Sadly he regarded the trousers, legs turned wrong side out, dangling from the chandelier. His coat lay draped over the old-fashioned, yard-high, brass cuspidor in the corner; and among the silver-backed hairbrushes on the bureau he spied one of his shoes. For a full minute he stared at the becupided ormolu clock on the mantelpiece, for another he gazed gloomily at his left foot.

Barrelled again . . . certainly have to lay off the stuff for a good long stretch, and no foolin' . . . campaign coming on . . . long spell on the water wagon . . . what was it Orv called it . . . wawa waggie . . . pheeeeew. . . .

Painfully His Honor bent over to remove his sock. With a groan he sank back on the bed, beshrouding himself once more in the sheets. No sooner was he horizontal than a heavy, throaty snore drowned out the faint drones of early morning traffic that floated up from the street below.

When the ringing of the telephone snarled through his dreams half an hour later His Honor

thought it was the mosquito come again to plague him, and, still three parts asleep, he tried to beat it off. The sheet shroud pinioned his arms. He rolled and twisted frantically to get free and awoke wild-eyed and sweating. The telephone snarled on.

He extricated himself, writhed across the bed, lifted the receiver.

“ ‘Lo?’ ”

It was a dying groan.

“Hello, John. Mike. Sorry to get you out of bed——”

His Honor cursed his Executive Secretary and most confidential lobbygow upside down and backwards.

“All right, *all right*, but get this: Jerry Gozo’s been killed.”

“What!”

“I’m telling you Jerry Gozo’s been killed.”

“For Gawd’s sake! Who got him?”

“Well, that’s the hell of it. He was found early this morning in a pay terlet at the Grand Union by a porter and it looks like he was kicked by a horse.”

“Kicked by a horse? Say, listen, Mike Raffi-

gan, if you're trying to kid me at 6:30 in the morning——”

“Honest to God, John, I'm levelling! The cops ain't only been on the case half an hour, but that's what it looks like. Inspector Dooley's just after callin' me up. There's a horseshoe mark as plain as print right smack on his left temple and——”

“But how in hell does a horse get into the Grand Union Depot and across the lower level and down——”

“You're askin' *me!* That's for the cops to figure out. What I want to know is what *we're* gonna do, now that Jerry's dead. We're havin' an election this fall, you know.”

“Oh, Gawd! That wop's got everybody's note in town and they must be in fifty different banks under ten thousand aliases. Phееееew! Listen, Mike, here's what I want you to do. Get hold of Abe Schlessinger, his attorney, right away and pass the word along to all the parties you think's in hock to Jerry. Phееееew! Why, everybody but the Pope signed I.O.U.'s for that guinzo. For Gawd's sake, hop on it, Mike, and grab everything you can. Did he have anything with your

name on it? Oh, you ain't sure, hey? Huh. Well, I am. Phееееew! Well, you better start the word along right away. What's doing today? Down the Bay? Oh, Gawd. Well, goo'bye!"

"Phееееew!"

With another giant jitter His Honor sank back on the bed once more. For nearly an hour he lay groaning and keening at the ceiling.



AS HE MUNCED and drank a can of tomatoes the Mayor tried to read about the Gozo murder in the early editions of the afternoon papers piled on the breakfast table before him; but at first he grasped little through the gauze of his hangover save the eight-column streamers whose general tenor was:

RACKET CHIEF KILLED IN GRAND  
UNION DEPOT

From enough of the stories that would hold still, however, he finally concluded there was little about the killing the press knew of which he had not already been informed by Mike. Ac-

cording to what he read, a Negro porter coming on duty at 4 a.m. had seen a left foot encased in a tan, cloth-topped, pearl-buttoned shoe sticking out under a door. Thinking it belonged to some drunk who had passed out, the porter tried to open the door but found it locked. He then seized the foot and shook it.

"Time to get up, boss," the *Press-Register* quoted him as saying.

When there was no response after persistent shaking, the porter seized the foot with both hands and pulled. Out came the rest of a husky little man in a tight-fitting light brown suit. Blood was streaming from his left eye, and there was a great swelling on the left side of his temple. Encasing the left eye was the clear, unmistakable imprint of a horse's hoof. The porter became frightened and summoned Patrolman Gene J. Mulcahy, of the Beech Street Station, who called an ambulance. Dr. Francis L. Duba, ambulance surgeon from the Malta General Hospital, pronounced the man dead. After one look at the body Headquarters detectives recognized the deceased as Giuseppe (Jerry) Gozo. Inspector Gerald W. Dooley, of the 18th District immedi-



ately ordered a cordon thrown about the men's waiting room.

From there all the stories went on to describe the pied-and-dappled career of the late Gozo. In great detail they told of his 241 arrests with only two failures to beat the rap: a suspended sentence (when he was twelve years of age) for possessing burglar's tools and thirty days in the County Jail for getting behind in his alimony (imposed by a woman magistrate in Family Court). The other charges, all unsubstantiated, had run the gamut from disorderly conduct (61 times) and horse-poisoning (17 times) through carrying concealed weapons (54 times) and violation of the Eighteenth Amendment (83 times) to kidnapping (10 times) and murder (11 times). The remaining items were distributed pretty evenly over such offenses as felonious assault, grand larceny, arson, extortion and public nuisance (playing a radio after 11 p.m.).

Both the Republican papers gleefully disclosed that Gozo had been "prominent in the affairs of the local Democratic party" and "a member of the Democratic County Executive Committee," while the two organs allied to the fortunes of

the Donkey somewhat grudgingly admitted that he had been "active in politics." All the papers declared it had long been suspected that Gozo was the leader of the more powerful of Malta's two principal bootlegging combines; but the Federal authorities had never been able to prove anything definite against him.

It was recalled that after prohibition agents had raided the \$3,000,000 brewery belonging to the Malta Cereal Beverage Co., which covered two city blocks and towered over its slum neighborhood like a red-brick Rhenish *schloss*, the United States Attorney had been totally unable to find out whom in the hell it did belong to in spite of the common knowledge of everybody in the city that Gozo and his mob had been running it full blast for five years. The harassed Federal authorities discovered that the Malta Cereal Beverage Co. had been incorporated under the names of an Abe Cohen, a Michael Kelly and a John Robinson, of Manila, Juneau and Montreal, respectively. Immediately after the seizure, a platoon of sharp-shooting lawyers for the incorporators turned up, informed the United States District Judge and jury that their clients were

“out of the country temporarily,” and proceeded to show a trivial flaw in the warrant under which the raid had been conducted. So, after six months’ squabbling, the Government finally had to give back the brewery—beer, vats, crenelated ramparts, truck fleets and all—to the Malta Cereal Beverage Co., whoever they were.

All this the Mayor read by shutting first one eye and then the other and sighting at the unstable type. His third can of tomatoes finished, he rose and tottered to his bedroom where his Japanese valet shaved him, helped him into his socks and shoes, pin-striped trousers, wing collar (size 20), tied his polkadot bow, eased the morning coat round the great rolls of fat over the shoulders and under the armpits, and in rapid succession handed him his top hat, gloves, stick, two clean handkerchiefs, wallet, note book, keys, change and gold-plated police shield in its little leather container.

“The car is waiting, sir.”

“O.K., Mitsu. Pheeeew!”

Out in the thick-carpeted hall the Mayor pushed the elevator button. Just then the red light over the door flashed and he heard the car

whoosh down unheeding. With a curse he began pushing the button frantically, as though fire had broken out all around him. He kept pushing the button and cursing, pushing and cursing, cursing and pushing. The elderly spinster sitting at the floor clerk's desk pretended not to hear. She knew better than even to say good morning to the Mayor when he came out of his door looking like this. She didn't even have to look at his face to tell; from years of practice she had only to shoot a glance at his feet—if he was kind of walking on the outside edges of his shoes, why, pretend not to notice. Miss Bloodgood sniffed.

The snub-nosed elevator boy, alone in his car as he went whizzing past the twenty-seventh floor, became aware of the Mayor's furious signalling by the pulsating red light in the box at his right.

"Awright, awright, I hear ya, ya big bull," he said. "And I'm votin' Republican next November, too, whaddaya thinka that?"

An elevator two shafts over from the one which had ignored him finally bore the Mayor below. He started to scold the boy, but the speed of the machine in its downward plunge cut the words

off in his throat. Instead, he removed his hat and mopped his forehead.

"Pheeeeew!"

Mike Raffigan was waiting in the lobby. His tired, orang-utan face bore an apprehensive look that relaxed a little in an attempted smile when he caught sight of the Mayor, but immediately became gloomily resigned when he saw His Honor's red-rimmed eyelids and the puffiness of his jowls. He merely saluted and fell in step across the tessellated corridor.

At the curb stood a shining Rolls-Royce with a squadron of motorcycle police fore and aft. Two men, one tall, square-shouldered, flat-backed, black-goateed, the other short, paunchy and somewhat smeary of feature, stood on the pavement by the open door of the car. They were both, even to the polkadots, dressed exactly like the Mayor and Mike.

"Morning, John," said the tall man.

The short, paunchy one started a salutation, but instead burped loudly. The Mayor smiled bitterly at the little man, mumbled at the other and stepping carefully into the car, planted himself in the center of the back seat and folded his



hands over the head of his stick. The tall man, Dr. Floyd Hinchman, Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity (and a dentist by profession), sat on the Mayor's right; Mike on his left. Orville Loftus, the short, paunchy man who was Malta's official Herald and Scroll Reader, took the little folding seat behind the chauffeur. The doorman slammed the door, there was Brown-ing gunnery from the motorcycles, the limousine's engine murmured low, Loftus burped and the Greater City of Malta's Official Welcoming Committee was on its way.

The Rolls-Royce, to the siren screams of traffic-clearing, shot down Pine Street, down the deep ravine that cut through the financial district to the waterfront. The Mayor began to shift and fidget and finally turned to his Executive Secretary.

"How about a shot, Mike?"

Mike hastily slapped his pockets.

"Oh, God, John, I forgot to change me flask from me other suit. Did you bring your flask, Doctor?"

Dr. Hinchman was sorry that he hadn't.

"How about you, Orville?" Mike raised his

voice and shook the shoulder in front of him.  
"Flask."

"Pheeeew!"

The Mayor with shaking fingers unscrewed the cap of the silver flask that Loftus had passed over. He removed his hat, put the flask inside it, raised the threaded mouth to his lips and tilted his head back, back, back. Two drops trickled out.

"Ohhh, Gawd!" he said, pulling his hat down over his ears and shoving the flask back at Loftus, "two drops! If I ever get through this morning alive I'm gonna go on the wagon for life. Open some of these windows, will you, I'm dying."

There was a long, heavy silence broken only occasionally by Loftus.

"We'll get one on the ship, John," said Mike, "don't you worry now. Just you take and leave it to me."

"Oh, leave it to you," said the Mayor pettishly, "leave it to you. I can't leave anything to you any more. You keep letting me down all the time."

Dr. Hinchman asked if there were any new developments on the Gozo killing. The Mayor turned to Mike.

"Yeah, what about it?"

"Well, there ain't much new besides what I already told you. I got hold of Schlessinger and he got hold of Mrs. Gozo and now he's tryin' to find out where the safety deposit boxes is. She's in a pretty bad way and he can't get much out of her. You know them Eytalians. But he says he'll keep after her. Five judges and eight magistrates called up. They all sounded pretty scared, and they was all our people. Gozo——"

"He could only Gozo far and no farther," muttered Loftus.

"Oh, for Gawd's sake, shut up, all of you," yelled the Mayor. "Here there's an election coming on and Jerry Gozo's kicked by a horse in a pay terlet and I'm dying and nobody's got a shot and now I got to listen to lousy Class Z jokes from a half-witted lush. I tell you I can't stand it. *Shut up, all of you.*"



---

# 3

---

THE REST of the trip to Municipal Pier No. 1 was finished without words, and Loftus did not dare even to burp. At the bulkhead of the pier were massed the bands of the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments, and at the approach of the first motorcycle they burst out with the "Jolly John Rag" whose words:

*Jaunty Jolly Johnnie, you're the Mayor for us,  
For those darn Republicans we don't give a cuss,  
Oh, John, when you ring dem bells  
We just all break into yells.  
On the Board of Aldermen you were a bear,  
All the people know that you are fair and square,  
Oh, John, Johnnie Holtsapple, you're the Mayor  
for us*

had been composed for the Mayor's 1913 campaign by Dr. Otto Ringau, Director of Music in the Malta Public Schools (and a dry cleaner by profession). The air was "Put Your Arms Around Me Honey, Hug Me Tight."

Returning the salutes of the police holding back the crowd by touching his gloves to his glossy hat brim the Mayor boarded the little municipal cutter, *Fred N. Wrenker*, which was already filled to the rails with reporters and photographers. Painfully he mounted the narrow stairs to the upper deck and advanced to the starboard rail just under the wheelhouse. It was a bright, hot day, and the sky was robin's egg and whipped cream. Malta's harbor, a deep, nearly perfect semi-circle, which patriotic enthusiasts claim is more beautiful than New York's or San Francisco's, was crowded with ocean liners butted along by ugly, ant-like tugs, swift, silent ferries, square-rigged Norwegians loaded with lumber, shabby tramps, excursion packets from the north, fishing smacks, oyster ketches, coal barges, dories, the snorting speedboats of millionaire commuters, all resplendent in the morning sun.

But this beauty was lost on the Mayor. His cheeks burned and felt as though they were straining at a leash. Mike, his face a composite portrait of agonized orang-utans, appeared at his side.

"I been to every reporter and photographer on board, John," he said, "and so help me God, there ain't one of them got a drop. But you wait now, we'll be all set oncet we're on board."

"Do you see those gulls over there?" said the Mayor, pointing to a flock wheeling and screaming about the stern of a Baltimore packet from which a Negro in an apron and cook's cap was emptying garbage. "Well, that's what my nerves feel like, see? Pheeew!"

The Mayor removed his hat and mopped his brow.

"By the way, who's this coming in this morning?"

Mike opened his mouth, but just then somebody bore down on the cutter's whistle, directly aft, and the Mayor nearly jumped overboard. When the whistling had died down, Mike said: "It's Waldo is comin'."

"Who?"

"Waldo. Waldo, the Wrassler."

"Waldo, the Wrassler?"

"Why, sure, Waldo. Ain't you read about Waldo? The papers has been full of him for weeks. He's a bear——"

"A *what*?"

"Sure, a bear, a real live cinnamon bear. He wrassles. They clipped his claws off and put a muzzle on him and he wrassles. He's been all over Europe this summer throwin' wrassler after wrassler. And he's on the *Bismarck* this mornin'. Belongs to a fellah name Krentz that lives on Macy Boulevard over in the Sixteenth. A promoter. I thought you knew all about it. The papers——"

"A bear! Oh, Gawd, I thought it was some aviator. Why'n't you tell me? A bear, and me feeling like this. Pheeeew!"

"Well, now, John, take it easy now. Everything'll be all right oncet we get on board and I get hold of the chief steward. This here's a local bear and pertickally with the election comin' on and one thing and another it'll make a fine little human interest story, with pitchers and all. Maybe if you could take and pretend to wrassle with him for the boys like——"

"All right, all right, I know. But a *bear*. Pheeeeew! I'm sure gonna need that shot."

"That's the way to work in there. You know Jimmy Walker took on a boxin' kangaroo and you wouldn't want *him* to show us nothin'. Here we are now, let's get over this gangplank and be grabbin' that shot. I could use one meself, be God."

Just outside the Captain's cabin they were met by the Captain himself, Herr Kapitan Gerhard Nebel.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "you come at a propizious moment. Your Federal offitzials are just maging one of their infrequent but exdenseive raits on my ship. I presume they have tired of English egsport visky and that stoff the Franch serve for vine on their boats, and they vant some real genoovine German schnapps, not? But you vait negst trip. I bring you spezial case of Rheinwein, and we all sauf it together, hey? You please egscuse me now. I got to confer with the Head Customs Surveyor."

A snap of the heels, three quick bends at the waist, and the skipper hurried down a companionway ladder.

At this juncture a mob of reporters and cameramen appeared on the sun deck and signalled the Official Welcoming Committee to descend.

"Hey, Johnnie, come on down here and meet the guest of honor."

Pheeeew! The Mayor ducked around the wheelhouse and began pacing back and forth. He knew he would have to go down; but the way he felt—and a bear! Pheeeew!



---

# 4

---

MR. KRENTZ, Waldo's manager, was being interviewed. Waldo, a medium-sized brown bear, wearing purple trunks and a belt of oval gold plaques five inches high linked together, stood on his hind legs and alternately pawed the air and tried to remove the leather muzzle which covered his snout.

"Yeah," Mr. Krentz was saying, "we certainly cleaned up in Europe this summer. Threw 'em all, didn't we, Waldo?"

At the sound of his name the bear brought his right paw up in a smart salute and let forth a sharp grunt:

*"Rrruff!"*

"Yeah," went on Mr. Krentz, "we sure tossed

'em—limies, frogs, spicks, wops, roosians, squareheads, polocks, litvacks and every kinda vack there is. Every country's got a champ, but they all looked alike to us, hey, Waldo?"

*"Rrruff!"*

"Waldo win the catch-as-catch-can championship from Tonio Spinoli in Paris on May 22d at the Salle Wagram. And did we pack 'em in, hey, Waldo?"

*"Rrruff!"*

"And he win the Graeco-Roman from Sergei Semyenioff in Vienna on June 16th. That was a sell-out, too. It was all sell-outs. We was on the other side six weeks and win 38 matches. Now we're gonna clean up over here. Jack Curley's fixed it all up for us to meet Strangler Lewis in New York at the Garden on Labor Day, and we're sure gonna make that Kentucky Collegian go back to college and take a few more lessons, hey, Waldo?"

*"Rrruff!"*

"What are Waldo's measurements, Mr. Krentz?"

"Well, he'll weigh between 280 and 290 when he's in shape. Right now with the sea trip and



the rich food he's kinda overweight; but it won't take him more'n two, three days in the gym to get down to 283, the weight he likes to work at. He's 5 feet, 11  $\frac{3}{4}$  tall. Chest 86 inches. Reach 56 inches. You'll notice he's got short arms, even for a bear, but that's great for wrasslin'. Look at Caddock. Look at Londos. Look at Waldo. Short arms, all of 'em. That's how come he can get all that there leeverage, which is what counts in wrasslin'."

"What holds can he put on an opponent?"

"All of 'em: head lock, leg scissors, half nelson, double nelson, toe-hold—the whole works. But his favorite is one we figured out ourself. The lean-to, we call it. Waldo just kind of ketches ahold of the other guy and leans on him and pretty soon something's bound to happen. If the guy falls on his belly Waldo just lays on him and it's either give up or sweat to death. Gimme your paw, Waldo. Paw!"

The bear extended its right paw, pebbly, rubbery triangles upwards.

"You see, boys, we keep his claws filed off so's he can't hurt nobody. See? Feel that, soft as a —Hahzit, yer Honor?"

The Mayor posed with Waldo for the camera-men; shaking hands with Waldo, putting his arm around Waldo's shoulder (the Mayor's silk hat on the bear's head and the bear's championship belt around the Mayor's middle) and, finally, facing Waldo in a wrestling crouch. For this the Mayor removed his coat, vest, tie and collar and bent over from the middle, his left hand extended in front of his right. He glowered at the bear. The bear glowered back. Flashlight guns boomed, and there were encouraging cries from the reporters.

"Put a headlock on him, Waldo."

"Givem a flying bear, John."

"Hurray for the little guy."

"Wonder which one can grunt the loudest?"

At last it was over and Mr. Krentz took Waldo below while the Official Welcoming Committee and the press boarded the cutter. In half an hour Mr. Krentz and Waldo appeared on the gang-plank. The bear was dressed in a morning coat, striped trousers, wing collar and tie, and as he shuffled along he tapped a cane tied to his left paw. The passengers lining the rails cheered.

As it cast off from the liner, the cutter began tooting the official Malta welcome blast to the

tempo of "Shave-and-a-haircut-two-bits, shave-and-a-haircut-two-bits, shave-and-a-haircut-two-bits," which was soon taken up by every craft in the harbor that had a boiler. When the *Fred N. Wrenker* pulled into the Municipal Pier, the Mayor saw that behind the spiles stood several thousand people. The official welcome blast, audible throughout the financial district, had summoned them from all sides. So, of course, he would have to ride uptown with this lousy Waldo. From the Pier the massed bands of the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments burst into "Everybody's Doing It," with special *fortissimo* on the part that goes: "*It's a bear, it's a bear, it's a bear, bam!*"

"Pheeeeew!"

Well, get in there and take it.

Preceded by the band of the 41st Regiment of Infantry and a squadron of cavalry, the Mayor, Waldo and Mr. Krentz rode up Pine Street to the City Hall. Behind them were the massed bands of the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments and 300 police reserves. Next, in another of the city's Rolls-Royces rode Dr. Hinchman, Loftus and Raffigan. Behind them the 200-

piece fife and drum band of the Catholic Boys' Brigade. Next came a float from the S.P.C.A. containing several stuffed horses drinking from *papier-mâché* troughs with over the top a banner: "Waldo, Malta Welcomes You"; and along each side of the vehicle were large signs: "Be Kind to Our Dumb Friends." Behind the float marched detachments of Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls. A fleet of ambulances brought up the rear.

As the parade passed through Pine Street a blizzard of ticker-tape descended, and the roars of the multitudes along the curbs echoed and re-echoed through the ferro-concrete canyon. An intact, untorn telephone book which hurtled down from a great height and kerwhammed on the floor of the car did not help the Mayor's state of being. The three passengers in the Rolls took turns responding to the public enthusiasm.

First Mr. Krentz would remove his derby. Then Waldo would solemnly raise his right paw to his head and lower it. To the paw a piece of black cardboard cut in the silhouette of a silk hat was fastened with rubber bands. And finally the Mayor would wearily doff his topper.

"Pheweeew!"

On the City Hall steps a tall, glossy-haired young man was fussing with three microphones, and across the street the newsreel trucks were unlimbering for action. As Waldo, Mr. Krentz and the Official Welcoming Committee were driven up to the curb the crowd roared and four police captains ploughed a way through to the top step.

Loftus was clumsily searching the tail pockets of his coat for the scroll.

"I can't find it," he said at last. He burped and smiled childishly at the Mayor.

"Well, for Gawd's sake, go ahead anyway," the Mayor whispered. Loftus took off his hat.

"Ladeez and gen'lmen," he roared with the pitch and volume of a Joe Humphreys, "the Hon'able John Norris Holtsapple, Mayor of the Greater City of Malta, and *baaaaup!*"

Roars from the crowd. After he had tremblingly pinned the Distinguished Guests' Medal (a Maltese spaniel *couchant* on a Maltese Cross) the Mayor cleared his throat and said:

"Waldo, I, as Mayor of this great city, need not tell you how proud we are of you not only as a fellow Maltese but as an American. You and your manager, Mr. Krentz, have already wit-



nessed the place you have won in all our hearts as you rode here to the City Hall with the Mayor. But I, as this city's chief magistrate, want to say that we were all behind you as you bore the Stars and Stripes through country after country and never let the Old Flag fall. Malta has always been the Mecca of sport, and whenever we produced a champion we all of us felt a share in the championship. And I want to say, as Mayor of this Greater City, that we all hope you'll bear down on your rivals and bring back a world's championship to the championship city of the world."

"*Rrruff!*" said Waldo.

The crowd waited to watch the Official Welcoming Committee pile into the Rolls-Royce, which had remained at the curb during the ceremonies.

"Club," yelled the Mayor into the speaking tube at Dr. Hinchman's right, "and step on it. Oh, Gawd, for a shot to get the smell of bear off me."

The Mayor passed through the lobby of the Malta Democratic Club and up the stairs. Man after man rose to follow him. It was a ritual, this first of the day with good old John, and no mem-

ber would think of tasting even so much as a pretzel off the bar until he arrived.

Carrying several menus in his hand, a flunky, skidding a few paces in front of the Mayor, unlocked a door on the second floor at the end of the hall, opened it and bowed His Honor through.

"Pheeeew, am I gonna enjoy this!" said the Mayor to all and sundry as he stood, with his left foot on the rail, at the exact center of the bar. "How many, Louis?"

The headwaiter looked at the little counting gadget in his left hand and murmured something. The Mayor caught the head bartender's eye.

"Seventy-five Martinis," he said.



AT 2:15 PHILLIP DORSEY and his law clerk, Tom Newlun, entered Room 12 at City Hall where the regular weekly meeting of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment was to begin in a quarter of an hour. These meetings were usually crowded, and Dorsey was glad he had come a little early. He and Newlun were able to slip into the last two empty seats in the front row of the semi-circular wooden structure which gave the room the appearance of a demonstration theater in a medical school. Facing the horseshoe was a long table, already occupied by eight of the ten members of the board: the Comptroller, Milton Wimpel, short and swarthy, smiling, bespectacled, fig-cheeked; and the seven District Presi-

dents. Malta's charter provided for the quadrennial election of a District President by each section of the city—East Side, West Side, North Side, South Side, and the three suburbs, Stitchleigh, Dorking and Magnusson. A District President was a kind of super-alderman (\$20,000 a year), privileged to sit in at these meetings and entitled to one vote whenever the affairs of the body called for a decision. The District Presidents were also ex-officio members of the Board of Aldermen. They always looked as though they had just risen from a Christmas dinner.

Hardly had the two settled in their seats when about two dozen policemen headed by an inspector with fierce jaws marched in and took posts about the room. Dorsey noticed that they carried long, wicked nightsticks, even the three sergeants among them.

"Awright, awright, roll 'em in," the inspector snarled. Six men and eight women, all poorly dressed, entered somewhat uncertainly. A small cardboard banner: "Workers of the World Unite," which one of the women carried, was immediately confiscated by the inspector, handed to a patrolman and removed from the room.

"Awright," shouted the inspector, "awright. Set back there and keep quiet."

He pointed to a vacant row for the newcomers to occupy.

"Communists?" said Dorsey. "I wonder what they're here for."

"Oh, something to do with the garment strike, I guess."

Then, what seemed to Dorsey a strange mingling of Malta's womanhood arrived in a large group: little elderly ladies of the Garden Club variety, with glad, glad expressions and funny hats that squatted on top of their coiffures, trotted beside and around big, coarse Amazons, heavy-jowled, cold-eyed, red-knuckled. With their coming the noise in the room increased a hundredfold as the harsh rasps of the Amazons cut through the gentle twitterings of the little ladies. Nobody herded *them* into their seats. Indeed, Dorsey noticed the inspector touch his cap in salute to several of the larger Amazons as they stomped by. Soon nearly all the seats in the semi-circular structure were filled, and the room became so warm that Dorsey had to wipe his perspiration-blurred pince-nez with his handkerchief.

Through a door behind the long table Aldermanic President Harrie Satchells entered, tall and lean, sleepy and handsome.

It occurred to Dorsey that Satchells looked little older than when they had left Princeton together, twenty years before. Not a gray hair in his head. Funny. There had been some the last time. Must be dyeing it. "Sleepy" Satchells. Not only Handsomest Man in the Class of '09 but also One Most Likely to Succeed. Certainly he was handsome still, but had he succeeded? In a worldly way, decidedly, Dorsey admitted—President of the Board of Aldermen at forty-one, picked overwhelmingly in the last primaries as his party's candidate for Mayor in the fall. Quite the popular hero, altogether. But really? That depended on one's definition of success. Ever since his wife's death Satchells had pretty much let himself go, to be honest about him. Shown promise at the bar before then, no question about it, but shortly thereafter he drifted into politics, just lazing along as he did everything, waiting for the rewards to be brought on a silver salver. Well, they'd been brought, all right, and now he was a front for that thug, McQuilty. How could a

man of education and good family get tied up with a lot of rotten politicians like that? American politics, the Lord knew, needed men of education and good family, all that could be had. But when they went over to the bosses without a struggle and deliberately prostituted that education and family background? And all the talk about Satchells' carryings-on with women. How could any man who considered himself a gentleman do such a thing!

Dorsey inhaled and blew out through his teeth, audibly, and began to give himself a manicure with the caudal appendage of the Phi Beta Kappa key that hung from his watch-chain.

Heavy-lidded, Satchells surveyed the room, caught sight of Dorsey, shouted at him above the din and beckoned him over to the long table. Dorsey shook hands stiffly and unsmiling.

"Hello, kid," said Satchells, "you didn't get up for reunion, did you."

"No," said Dorsey, "I was trying a case and couldn't make it."

"Too bad. You missed a swell time. Pretty nearly everybody turned up and they all asked for you. I told 'em you were our leading exponent



of civic virtue and the coming City Manager."

Satchells grinned and Dorsey blushed.

"Yes, you missed a swell time. After it was all over we had quite a party in New York. Charlie Grant and Fritz Von Tanneck, you remember them? Well, they got out their little red books and fixed us up with some of the *raciest* ladies it has ever been my privilege to race with. All in all it was quite a race. I will say for myself, though, that I gave out just about as many dark circles under the eyes as I took."

"Hmm, I daresay," put in Dorsey hastily. "I'm certain you enjoyed yourself every minute. By the way, have you any idea when this meeting is likely to begin?"

"Well, as usual, we're waiting for the Mayor. He ought to waddle in any minute between now and six o'clock. May I ask why you're favoring us with your presence?"

"Oh, I'm here for the Civic Association to argue against those condemnations that come up today. May I have a calendar? Thanks. Well, I'd better get back to my seat before somebody takes it. Let's have lunch together sometime. I know you're bowed down by official duties, but

give me a call if you get a chance. I'm nearly always at the Civic Association if I'm not at my office."

"Fine, Dearsie, I'd love to."

Dorsey glared and then turned on his heel. He could feel his cheeks burn as he walked back to his seat. *Dearsie*. It had been fastened on him at Princeton. How he loathed it! Satchells undoubtedly used it in revenge for that perfectly harmless remark about being bowed down by official duties. Dorsey was still self-conscious of his face: large myopic blue eyes that grew larger with excitement or alarm, a sharp, pointed nose with fine-cut wings, a tiny mouth and pink cheeks. His face and a nervous habit of murmuring "Oh dear!" in a high-pitched voice had earned him the detested nickname before his first Midyears rolled by. *Dearsie!* The high voice he had rid himself of by singing lessons and the "Oh, dears" had been expunged long ago from his vocabulary. The doll's mouth was now hidden under a red moustache, and nose glasses focussed the wandering, startled eyes. But his cheeks were still pink—childishly, absurdly, reprehensibly pink, and at this moment they were even pinker from the old



taunt. *Dearsie!* Dorsey glared at Satchells, but the Aldermanic President was yelling something at Comptroller Wimpel.

Dorsey's annoyance was transmuted to contempt as he ran his eye over the nine men at the long table. So this was the Board of Estimate and Apportionment! The Board of Directors, really, of the Greater City of Malta Corporation, an organization that spent more than half a billion dollars a year and employed better than a hundred thousand men and women. And the Mayor and those nine men there were the head and fount of the whole vast concern, in charge of raising the money and spending it. They drew up the budget and fixed the tax rate (or saw that it was fixed), decided on all improvements, created new offices or abolished them (and far, far too little abolishing), held sway over all grants and franchises. The oligarchy that ruled the city's sprawling millions. And what manner of men were they? President of this vast corporation, the Mayor, a drunken windbag. Then Wimpel, the treasurer, once a shady accountant who had barely escaped indictment in his early days over some bucket shop fraud. Satchells, McQuilty's tool, indolent,

cynical and probably a lecher. And the seven District Presidents, all mere party pawns, political robots. What an admirable body of statesmen!

Dorsey indignantly pulled out his fountain pen, looked at the clock and began figuring what the Mayor's tardiness was costing the taxpayers. Salaries: Mayor, \$40,000; Wimpel, \$30,000; Satchells, \$25,000; seven District Presidents, at \$20,000 each, \$140,000—total, \$235,000. Nearly a quarter million dollars. Divide by 365 times twenty-four times sixty for the worth of a minute of their combined time and then multiply the quotient by forty-five, the number of minutes already wasted. But before Dorsey had determined on even his divisor, there was a general rising on all sides of him as the Mayor himself entered.

---

# 6

---

THE HON. JOHN NORRIS HOLTSAPPLE was feeling wonderful. Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! He had just come from a wonderful lunch with the most wonderful fellows in the most wonderful club in the whole wonderful world, and it was apparent to every one at the long table, as he greeted each of them by name and shook hands all around, that he had magnificently succeeded in checking every last trace of bear odor. Sinking into his great, soft chair he felt so delightfully warm and calm and full of loving-kindness towards humanity as a whole that he yearned to share his happiness with the universe. He beamed about him, picked up his gavel and thumped.

“Calla roll.”

Satchells looked at the Mayor with shrewd appraisal. Yep, just nicely bedoozled. You could tell from the way his fat-flaps, those isosceles triangles with their apexes at the sides of the nose and their bases under the cheek bones, emerged. Straps of supra-lard that came out on John's face after he had taken on a load, they were as prophetic as the little man and woman in a Swiss weather house.

Satchells had charted many permutations and combinations of these fat-flaps. From long practice he could tell by a short study of them whether the Mayor's mood was choleric, beatific, loquacious, pugnacious, verbose or comatose. It all depended on how much or how little they stuck out. (On the night of Woodrow Wilson's election in 1912 they had stuck out like twin loaves of freshly baked bread.) If they were entirely absent, it meant that the Mayor had not yet had a drink that day and was therefore overhung, therefore nasty. This condition was extremely rare, for he almost always lunched at the Democratic Club on board meeting days. But no matter how much or how little they were visible, no matter

what his mood, their presence indicated one unfailing symptom—a breakdown in grammar. Half a dozen cocktails and the Mayor's grammar, with which he had taken tremendous pains, went all to hell.

"Milt," the Mayor said, "who's all those wonderful little ladies out there?"

Wimpel opened his calendar and pointed to an entry:

"I guess that would be them."

The Mayor looked at the page fixedly and then said:

"Read it, Milt, forgot a glasses."

Running a forefinger under the words Wimpel began to chant in a clipped sing-song:

" 'A local law to amend the Greater Malta Charter relating to the abolition of the rank and grade of patrolwoman in the Police Department and transferring the duties of said rank and grade to policewoman.' Here's the communications protesting against the law, and I guess them dames is from the organizations that sent 'em. Here they come:

*Patrolwomen's Benevolent Association of the  
City of Malta, Inc.*

*American Alliance of Civil Service Women,  
Malta Chapter.*

*Women's City Club of Malta.*

*Malta Federated Ladies' Lyceum.*

*Magnusson Women's Court Alliance.*

*East Side Women's Constitutional Commit-  
tee, Inc.*

*Malta Catholic Big Sisters, Inc.*

*Associated Alumnae, Malta University.*

*Women's Alliance, Pine Street Unitarian  
Church.*

*Malta City League of Women Voters.*

*Malta Prison Matrons' Council.*

*Malta Ladies' Bar Bell Association.*

*Ladies' Auxiliary of the Malta Lions' Club.*

"I guess that cleans 'em up, John."

The Mayor wiped his brow, took a deep breath and pulled himself together.

He rapped with his gavel.

"Order, order," he began in his best radio voice, somewhat blurred. "Good afternoon, ladies. Your Mayor's delighted to see you with us this afternoon. This is reg'lar weekly meeting of the Board of Es'mate and Apportio'ment of the Grea'er City of Malta. You probaly doan know



what the Board of Es'mate and Apportio'ment is, so I'll tell you. The Board of Es'mate and Apportio'ment is the upper branch of the Municipal Assembly. When I say upper I *mean upper* 'cause the lower half is the Board of Aldermen. Ha, ha, ha. And when I say upper I sure mean upper, doan I boys?"

He turned to the other members of the Board for confirmation.

"Hear, hear!"

"You tell 'em, John."

"Upper is right."

"Yes, ladies of the invisible audience, I sure mean upper. Why? Many reasons, many, many reasons. Firs' reason: Alderman elec'ed for only two years. How long we elec'ed? Four years. Four years, friends. How much Alderman get? Fi'e thousand dollars. Fi'e lousy thousy dollies, ladies, thass all, fi'e thousy lousy dollies. You'd hardly think they could eat on that, could you, friends? And let me tell you, they can't, friends, many of them poor fellows can't hardly keep body nor soul together."

Overcome by emotion, the Mayor bowed his head and shook it sadly from side to side.



"Read minutes of las' meeting," he croaked. His order was carried out by the board's clerk from whose mouth words poured as sausage stuffing pours from a machine; and these words would have been totally unintelligible had anybody cared to listen.

"Ladies," the Mayor resumed, "I'm deligh'ed see you. I'm always deligh'ed to see a lady. Thass me alla time. I doan care if she's white or black, Democrat or Repub'ican. It ain't the race with me, friends, it's the lady. I doan care if she's Protes'ant or Cath'lic, I doan care if she's a Jew or Gentile, I doan care if she's Chinaman or Jap, I doan care if she's rich or poor, I doan care if she's drunk or sober. Just so long she's 100 per cent American and a lady."

In his emotion the Mayor started to get up from his chair, but thought better of it and sank back with a heavy cushion whoosh. When the ladies had finished applauding, a skinny little man with a bald head and white bone-rimmed spectacles rose among the Communists. The extra-thick lenses of the spectacles made his eyes look like some insect's under a microscope.

"Wat bonk," he shouted. "WAT BONK!"

WAT ONHADDOLTERETTED BONK!  
PHOOEY!"

"Shut up there, you," roared the inspector, running up the aisle to get at him. "Siddown. Shut up. Whaddaya mean interruptin' the Mayor when he's talkin'?"

Shaking his fist, he stood at the end of the aisle in which the little Communist sat.

"Any morea that and I'll haveya outa here, see? Before ya know what happentya, see? So shut up and siddown and stay there, and don't lemme hear no more outya, see?"

After a few mutterings the little Communist was silent.

"Oh, it's bunk, is it?" took up the Mayor. "Bunk, hey? I'll show you the Mayor means what he says. I'll show you the Mayor's always glad to hear from a lady, any lady, so long she's a lady. Le's hear what these ladies gotta say. Whattaya gotta say, ladies? Speak up, some you ladies, and show our friend up there what kinda bunk it is."

In the front row a dumpy woman in a badly tailored tweed suit whose cropped gray hair made her look rather like a dissolute, unsuccessful poet

of middle age rose, took some papers out of a brief case and advanced towards the long table.

"If Your Honor and members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment please," she began, "we have come here today to protest against Item No. 2 in the calendar: 'A Local Law to amend the Greater Malta Charter relating to the abolition of the rank and grade of patrolwoman in the Police Department and transferring the duties of said rank and grade to policewoman.'

"Now, Your Honor and gentlemen, what are the facts in this case? In the Policewomen's Bureau of the Police Department there are one hundred and twelve women enrolled, of whom twelve hold the rank and grade of *patrolwoman* and the remaining hundred the rank and grade of *policewoman*. How are these hundred *policewomen* employed? Simply as prison matrons, Your Honor and gentlemen. They fulfill no other duties, save that of receiving and locking up and thereafter guarding female prisoners in the prisons and jails of the city."

"Grea'er City."

"Excuse me, Your Honor, Greater City, of course. The *policewomen* merely serve as prison

matrons in the prisons and jails throughout the Greater City. But what do the *patrol*women of the Greater City of Malta's Police Department do, Your Honor and gentlemen, what are their duties? Oh, if I only had more of your valuable time to recount in detail all or even half of the wonderful services that those dozen patrolwomen render the taxpayers of the Greater City of Malta! But I know that Your Honor and gentlemen have other onerous matters before you, conducting as you do the affairs of this, one of the greatest cities on the face of the globe."

"What you mean, one of the grea'est?"

"Excuse me, Your Honor, the greatest city on the face of the globe, of course. There you sit, gentlemen, burdened with our affairs, deciding on the best and most efficient way to educate our kiddies, keep our rolling boulevards clean and paved, look after our beautiful parks with their gorgeous shade trees, collect our garbage, run our ferry boats and buses and take care of us in a thousand other ways that I won't impinge on your valuable time to enumerate more fully. But what is the most important of all your duties? What to you, Your Honor, and to you, gentlemen, comes

before all else? What is your foremost consideration as public servants?"

"Hmm, gat rehalected," suggested the little Communist.

Once more the inspector bounded up the aisle.

"Siddown, siddown. Shut up, shut up. Listen, you, speak once more outa toin and I take yez, see? *One more time* and it'll be just too bad, see? Now shut up and be quiet, see? Shut up and be quiet."

"No, Your Honor and gentlemen, what our friend said when he interrupted me is not your first duty to our citizenry. You have been elected and re-elected, all of you, and if you weren't deserving of your offices, Your Honor and gentlemen, you wouldn't be where you are this afternoon—there at the head of the government of our Greater City."

"Say, wha's your name?"

"Rose Brix, Your Honor."

"Say, you're awright. Make a note the lady's name, Milt. Din' I tellya I always like see a lady? Where you live, lady?"

"I live in Dorking, Your Honor."

"Dorking, hey? How you vote?"



"Why, uh, Republican, Your Honor, I'm a Committeewoman from the Twenty-sixth."

"Well, go on with your spiel, and don't waste so much taxpayers' time."

"I was going to, Your Honor——"

"Well, go on, *go on*. Don't be takin' up so much taxpayers' time."

"Yes, Your Honor. Now, Your Honor and gentlemen, as I was saying, what is your first duty to our citizenry? Your first duty, Your Honor and gentlemen, is the protection of property, life and morals. Whom do you designate to protect property? You designate those unsung heroes of today, those stalwarts who stand ready at all hours of the day and night, in all weathers, be it rain, hail, snow or sleet——"

"I know," shouted the little Communist, "de Stritt Clinic Depottment!"

But Miss Brix went on before the inspector could get at him.

"The Fire Department, Your Honor and gentlemen. Women have not yet been privileged to serve in the Fire Department, but the day will come, I know, when they will take their places with men and fight shoulder to shoulder against

the demon flames. But there is another force marching under the banners of the city, the Greater City, where they *have* been privileged to serve, Your Honor and gentlemen, and that is the Police Department. I do not speak here of the hundred *policewomen*. They do a splendid work, a splendid, splendid work, which no one can gainsay. They need no pleading for. It is those twelve *patrolwomen* that I am here today to plead for, Your Honor and gentlemen. It is their work that I want to tell you of.

“What are the duties of a *patrolwoman*, Your Honor and gentlemen? Does she protect property? She does. In her tours of duty about the Greater City, should she see fire break out or thieves break in, she gives the alarm or makes the arrest exactly as a male patrolman or detective would under the same circumstances. Last year patrolwomen made ten arrests for felonies of violent nature, which included assault, robbery and burglary. Seven of them were made by Patrolwoman Hannah McMurtraw, who is here today. Will you please be so good as to stand up, Officer McMurtraw?”

An Amazon wearing a black sailor hat rose in



the third row and smirked grimly at the Board of Estimate and Apportionment with her killer's mouth.

"Patrolwoman McMurtraw on five occasions arrested desperate, armed men single-handed. She is by way of being a star athlete and has won many medals for exhibitions in punching the bag. Alarms for sixty-one fires were turned in by members of this splendid body of women during the last year, and property estimated at several hundreds of thousands of dollars was saved. Yes, Your Honor and gentlemen, the *patrolwomen* have protected and do protect life and property and with your consent they will go on continuing to do so. But now I come to the greatest of their protective tasks. What is that, Your Honor and gentlemen? What is worth more than property, and more even than life itself? It is morals, Your Honor and gentlemen. Morals! Without their safeguarding, our city, Malta, our Greater City, the greatest city on the face of the globe, would be as the cities of the plain. Without morals in a community, there can be no purity of womanhood. Without purity of womanhood, men cannot strive for the higher things of life that go to make our com-

munity great. And, Your Honor and gentlemen, I solemnly warn you that *there can be no purity of womanhood in the Greater City of Malta without patrolwomen!*"

The furious handclapping of the ladies drowned out the concerted boos of the Communists.

"And how, Your Honor and gentlemen," Miss Brix continued, "do our *patrolwomen* toil and struggle ceaselessly to safeguard the purity of our womanhood? Oh, if I only had sufficient time to tell you the thousand and one ways in which this noble work is carried on! But time being limited——"

"Oh, don't mind us," said the Mayor nastily. He was beginning to feel the need for a shot.

Pheeeew!

"Thank you, Your Honor. The foremost duty of our dozen gallant *patrolwomen* is the combating of mashers. During the past year mashers, those jeopardizers of virtue, those draggers-in-the-dust of the good name of chastity, those cads unworthy of the name of men—mashers to the number of 829 were arrested, more than two a day, by our *patrolwomen* after proper evidence had been obtained. Convictions——"

"How they get th'evidence?"

"Why, uh, Your Honor, in most cases the mashers, uh, accosted, or, uh, flirted with the patrolwomen in some way."

His Honor glanced at Officer Hannah McMurtaw.

"Pheeeew!"

"I will pass over the twenty-one cases in which men were arrested after behaving in a peculiar manner, and come to the splendid work done in our dance halls. During——"

"Tell 'em about the raid on the boit' control clinic," screamed a tall, dark girl with burning brown eyes who had suddenly jumped to her feet in the Communist row. "Tell 'em about how a policewoman stool pigeon went there and esked for halp and efter the doctor give it to her she went and had the place pinched. Tell 'em how they raided it because the doidy, rotten cap't'lists din't want the woikers to get no more boit' control infamation so's they could go on breedin' more woikin' stiffs and more cannon fodder. Whyn't you tell 'em about that? Never mind about the meshers and the dence halls——"

All the Communists were standing on their

chairs, roaring and screaming and waving their arms.

The Mayor rose and bellowed above the din.

"As usu'l the taxpayers can't agree. 'Sa plain disgrace. Waste all afternoon peoples' time."

He signalled to the inspector.

"Clear the room."

The Mayor disappeared through the door behind the long table, and the other members of the board followed him hastily.

"Go get 'em," yelled the inspector and blew his whistle. The cops dashed up one aisle and the Communists shoved and clawed one another to get out of their row and escape down the other. More cops blocked this aisle. Women began to scream. Phillip Dorsey heard feet advancing down the stone flags of the corridor at the double. It sounded like many feet. Whistles were shrilling all over the place. The aisles were choked with women. Blue shoulders butted through them. Dorsey saw nightsticks go up and back and down. Two rows behind Dorsey a plainclothesman in a checked cap chasing the little goggle-eyed Communist with a blackjack trod on the toe of one of the sailor-hatted Amazons. It was Patrolwoman McMur-

traw, and she ran her nails down his face. The plainclothesman fetched her a clout on the hat with his blackjack, tearing a bite from the brim. Feinting with her left, Patrolwoman McMurtraw threw a superb overhand right to the plainclothesman's chin.

Newlun cheered from the aisle.

"A beeg cigah," he chanted in carnival barker tones, "a beeg cigah foah the ladee each and every time she hits the little button. Hur-ry, hur-ry, hur-ry! Try youah luck, ladeez. A beeg cigah foah each and every ladee——"

"Oh, so it's funny to you, is it?" said Patrolwoman McMurtraw, walking towards him over the plainclothesman's body. "A fresh guy, eh?"

Bong!

"Look here, my good woman," said Phillip Dorsey as he stooped over to pick the boy up, but just then something very hot burned into the back of his head and three yellow pin-wheels whirled through the dark and broke into little pieces and fell down and down and down.

---

# 7

---

"TIME TO VAKE OP, baby," Harrie Satchells heard a voice say.

He opened his eyes and saw Inge smiling down at him. Her left knee was on the bed and she hung over him, supporting herself on outstretched arms, her hands on either side of his shoulders. With a swift motion, she bent down and brushed his lips with a kiss and then drew back.

"You so beyootiful asleep, I hate to vake you," she said, softly.

Inge's eyes were moistly bright blue. Her skin was fresh and pink as though it had been scoured for hours, and her yellow hair was gathered back tight on her skull. Harrie Satchells loved to have a woman hanging over him like this. He raised up



his arms to seize her but she dodged and slid off the bed, laughing.

"No, baby, no, no. You most get op, it's late." There was a loud spup and sizzle from the kitchenette. "Oh, your eggs and bacon is burning."

As she ran from the room, Satchells looked at the back of her neck, just below where the corn-flour hair was gathered with beautiful neatness. Pink and white! He never ceased to be amazed at the cleanness of her. It was as though she had just come from a steambath. And as she was a masseuse by profession, Inge usually had.

He got out of bed, slid his feet into the red leather slippers set neatly side by side on the floor and clacked into the bathroom. Under the shower he tried to whistle, but the water trickled down his face and between his puckered lips, and all he produced was a bubbling noise. When the cold needles stabbed his flesh, he shadow-boxed for five seconds, trying the old Dempsey bob-and-weave, and then landed on the mat with a shout. After a rubdown, he opened the mirrored door of the medicine cabinet, drew out a leather roll full of toilet articles, brushed his teeth, and then proceeded to shave himself with great care. This done,

and witch hazel and powder applied, he combed his damp hair down over his eyes. It was peculiar hair—crow black with the gray powdered through it as though shaken from a saltcellar. How to part it? Parted on the left side, it showed up black, patent leather; on the right the gray came out plainly. Parting in the middle produced a salt and pepper mixture. What was on tonight? Hm, Thursday. Oh, yes, the gals, the Y.W.H.B.S.A. The big teeth of the comb ploughed a furrow down the left side. When the final lick of the brush had been made over the right ear, he bent close to the mirror and examined both profiles, then full face, with chin high and a faraway look in his eye like a field marshal in a battle painting. Then he smiled at himself and winked. After he had donned a pair of lounging pajamas hanging from a hook on the wall, he reviewed himself in the full length mirror on the door. Pretty slick, this black pair, with the red stripes down the trouser leg. And that jacket was good, too, with the tasseled silk belt around the middle. This pair was really more becoming than the blue ones at Elsie's. Satisfied, he snapped off the light and opened the door.

After he had kissed Inge and been uh-uhed, he sat down, gulped his orange juice and opened the *Press-Register*.

"Wonder if there's any more about the Communist riot at City Hall yesterday," he said. He stopped chewing his toast. "Good God Almighty!"

"Wot's de matter, baby," said Inge, putting down the percolator.

"Great dangling beards of God! Will you listen to this. Dear, sweet—Listen:

" 'More than half a million dollars worth of heroin and other narcotics were seized last night when Federal authorities raided a waterfront warehouse belonging to Giuseppe (Jerry) Gozo, Democratic leader and alleged bootlegger, less than eighteen hours after he was found killed under strange circumstances in the men's room at the Grand Union Depot.'

"Oh, is that beautiful! Zowie! Let me read it again and see if I'm not cockeyed. 'Heroin and other narcotics . . . raid . . . belonging to Giuseppe (Jerry) Gozo, Democratic leader and alleged (alleged, hell) bootlegger.' What a lovely, lovely little news item! Oh, come to Harrie."

Satchells planted a loud smack on the newspaper.

“Listen. . . . hm, hm, hm. They raided the joint at 10:30 and busted open a flock of pickle barrels. Each barrel had a watertight tin of junk in it . . . hm . . . the stuff was consigned to the Eureka Food Products Corporation that the wop used as a blind for his chain of cordial shoppes. . . . ‘One of the most important drug seizures the Government has ever made in this city,’ United States Attorney Jonas L. Napier described last night’s raid.’ . . . What’s he mean *one* of the most important? Oh, Mr. Jonas L. Napier, you sweet-scented Santa Claus, how I love you. . . . hm, hm, hm, describes the raid and the stuff. . . . some more crap about Gozo’s death. . . . hm. . . .

“ ‘Dr. Horace M. Ultman, Chief Medical Examiner, reported to the police late yesterday afternoon that the blow over Gozo’s left eye, which undoubtedly caused his death, was made not by a horseshoe, as was at first thought, but by the shoe of a pony. How the pony arrived at the scene of the crime at all, much less without being observed, is still a mystery. The police are trying

to fit together the equestrian and narcotic clues, but so far with little success.'

"Ah-ha-ha-ha, oh, God, I'll die. I have it, Watson! The pony is a hophead and he feels bad and sneaks into the Gent's Room to take a quick powder. He puts a nickel in the slot, but the door won't open, so he gets frantic and jumps over the door. There he finds Gozo. It's well known that a drug addict will do anything when you get between him and his shot. So he ups with his heels and bam! A straight left to the eye! Gozo falls dead. The pony takes a quick sniff of the powder. It makes him feel so good he floats right up to the ceiling and out of the building without so much as a trace. The Street Cleaning Department is baffled."

"Wot? I do not onderstand."

"You wouldn't, you're too sweet. 'Gozo's past record . . .' hm, hm, hm. Oh, and listen to THIS:

" 'Called at his suite at the Schlitz-Monopol last night, Mayor Holtsapple said he knew nothing of the raid, but that all he was interested in was conducting the affairs of the city according to the best traditions of 100 per cent Americanism.

“ ‘America and Malta First,’ said the Mayor.  
“I know the people of this great city will give us  
a vouch for the way we have looked out for their  
interests in the past sixteen years.’ ”

“Give us a vouch! Oh, dear, sweet Jehovah!  
Give us a vouch! Ingeborg, my beautiful, square-  
head gorgeous, come over here and give the next  
Mayor of the Greater City of Malta the very  
loveliest vouch you know how to.”

“Oh, yays, sir,” said Ingeborg, “I vill.”



SITTING AT THE PLACE of honor at the speakers' table in the banquet hall of the Grand Maltesan Hotel, Satchells ashed his cigarette and then dropped it into his demi-tasse.

So this was the Grand Get Together Dinner of the Young Women's Harrie B. Satchells Association, was it? For the past hour he had run a practiced eye over the several thousand happy faces before him trying to find some pleasingness of color or contour. In vain. Lady politicians, he reflected sadly, have little or no affinity with beauty. Nope, no tousle material there. But perhaps that was just as well, to have it absent entirely from your business. There was tousle material enough outside office hours, God knew, some for every

night in the week. That New York trip after reunion had made a nice change. Did Dearsie ever think about women? Naw, too married and respectable. He had been married once, too. Very long ago, it seemed. Malta's Most Eligible Widower. Ha! He wondered how Florrie was and how awful it would be if she really knew the truth about her poor old father. Maybe she'd like it when he was Mayor. Sure, she would. Who wouldn't? Everybody would, including about 3,000 of those dames right out there in front. And if he got elected they'd all be around with their hands out. So this was what he'd left Inge's sweet, soft side for.

Satchells blew through his distended lips and made a soft ruffling noise of disgust:

"Prrrrooo."

And yet all those awful lookers out there were somebody's daughters, too. Some father probably loved each and every one of 'em, felt the same way about 'em as he did about Florrie. And what were they? City employees, the whole mob, jobholders just like himself. Stenos, filing clerks, visiting nurses, comptometer operators, hash-slingers from the lunch counter at the Criminal Courts build-

ing, schoolmarms. Well maybe not schoolmarms. Once in a while you found a good looker among the schoolmarms; besides, all the schoolmarms were Democrats, because the Board of Education was appointed by the Mayor, by the late Mayor, John Norris Holtsapple, the big cream puff, the big beer puff, the big rye puff, the big booze puff. But things would be different after November. Would they? Sure they would. Hadn't more than half a million dollars worth of heroin and other narcotics been seized last night when Federal authorities raided?

Introduced by Miss Brix, the toastmistress (whose two beautiful shiners contrasted strangely with her elaborate evening gown), Alec Gerard, the District Attorney, was on his feet trying to apply some of his favorite Pat and Mikes to current conditions. With only moderate success. This false bonhomie of the District Attorney's always slightly horrified Satchells, especially the deep laugh that went with it. Gerard, in this mood, interpolated the dreadful laugh before and after each jest: first, his lips would skin back, then his chin would drop like a ventriloquist's dummy's and then out would roll a hoh-hoh-hoh (never

more than three), down, down, down. But all the time the fierce, glittering green eyes kept their cruelty.

“Prrrrrooo!”

Miss Brix tapped with a spoon on her cup.

“Girls,” she said, “on the back of your programs you’ll find a song that I want you all to join in on. Miss La Tour will sing it through first, and then we’ll repeat.”

Lights were lowered and a baby spot flashed on a fat brunette in a white evening gown who stood up in the gallery and sang:

*We won't give you anything but votes, Harrie,  
And for you we'll shed our hats and coats,  
Harrie.*

*Don't be shy,  
You know why  
We are for you.  
And we bet  
You will get  
The M-a-y-or-al-it-ee,  
And, gee, we think that you are simply swell,  
Harrie!*

*John Holtsapple will not get a smell, Harrie,*

*On November 5 you know darn well, Harrie,  
We won't give you anything but VOTES!*

The song was such a success that it was sung again and again and again. Tears came to Satchells' eyes: their faces shone so as they sang and they all loved him and trusted him, all those poor homely dames out there. Gee, we think that you are simply swell, Harrie! They did, they really did, and, by God! he'd make 'em a swell Mayor, too. Cut out all the chasing around and make each one of 'em as proud as Florrie, his own darling daughter.

And when, at the end of the ninth encore (he had kept count, in spite of his emotion) the song ended and every woman rose to her feet and shouted and clapped and waved her napkin, he sobbed quickly and looked down at his plate.

Finally Miss Brix achieved order and said:

"Girls, I needn't tell you who's going to address us now. I'll just say it's the Honorable Harrie B. Satchells, our next Mayor of Malta."

A ten-minute demonstration followed.

His face was very earnest when he began to speak in a low, quiet voice.

"Ladies, I wish I could express my feelings to

you at this moment. But I must keep myself under control for fear of breaking down. All I can say is that tonight is the happiest evening I have ever lived. I'm not giving you the old political hokum when I say this. I want you all to believe me when I tell you I'm speaking to each one of you straight from right in here. To me the Nineteenth Amendment is one of the most wonderful parts of our great Constitution. I was a supporter of women's suffrage from the beginning of my political career, twenty years ago, so no matter what your affiliations might be I'd feel a fatherly interest in you all. But that you are all members of the Republican Party, the party that brought me up, the party that I revere and cherish, makes me feel more than a fatherly interest in you. And when I think of this beautiful occasion here tonight, ladies, I can only say that I love you one and all."

A twelve-minute demonstration followed, and Satchells stepped a pace to the right directly in front of the three microphones that rose from back of the ferns in the centerpiece.

"In the song which was sung so gloriously tonight occurs the line: 'John Holtsapple will not



get a smell.' May I be critical for a moment, ladies, and say that that line is the only one of an otherwise perfect song in which I have a flaw to pick? John Holtsapple, otherwise known as the Mayor, does not need a smell; he's got one already and so has his whole mis-administration. And that smell is a bad one."

The Y.W.H.B.S.A. laughed uproariously.

"Some of that smell blew across our great city last night when more than half a million dollars' worth of heroin and other narcotics were seized when Federal authorities raided a waterfront warehouse belonging to Jerry Gozo. Who was this Jerry Gozo, ladies? He was the Democratic committeeman who was killed night before last. You've all read about it in your newspapers. What kind of a man was this Democratic leader? Well, in the first place, he was a bootlegger. We won't hold that *too* much against him——"

The laugh did not have to be waited for.

"Still, whatever our feelings may be about Prohibition, a bootlegger is a man who carries on an illicit trade. He must consort with gangsters and usually is one himself. But let that pass. The Democrats have a few bootleggers among their

leaders. It's common knowledge, almost an unwritten law. But, if we can forgive the Democrats and their Mayor for having bootleggers as leaders and colleagues, there's one thing that the people of this city cannot and will not forgive, and that is *a trafficker in drugs!* In all this world there is nothing so low, so depraved, so rotting to the community as a peddler of narcotics. And I stand here tonight and charge that Jerry Gozo was a friend, a colleague, an associate of Mayor Holtsapple's, and I'm warning him right now that it shall not be forgiven him next November when the people gather at the polls to give their judgment of such a reprehensible state of affairs."

A fourteen-minute demonstration followed.

"Ladies, it's getting late. Let me leave just two more thoughts with you before I close. First, we must descend on Malta next November 5th like a hurricane and carry everything before us. Let's come on in such great numbers that we'll darken the sky. Be sure to register, all of you, and be sure to vote. And work to get your families out to vote with you: your parents and your sisters and all your relatives and your sweethearts. I'm sure each of you that's not married must have a boy friend.

Get as many as you can. I'd like to pledge each of you right now to bring in five votes under the eagle. Five votes each girl wins for the Grand Old Party. May I count on you?"

A roaring chorus of "We Can't Give You Anything but Votes, Harrie," replied in several hundred keys.

"Fine. That's wonderful. And now the other thought I wanted to leave concerns something the Mayor said last night, when he was asked about the narcotic raid. He said, of course, that he didn't know anything. Naturally. He would. But he also said: 'The people will give us a vouch in the fall.' 'Give us a vouch,' he said. Will you give him a vouch?"

"NO!" screamed the Young Women's Harrie B. Satchells Association.

"I didn't think you would, and I promise you that I won't, either. Now, it just occurred to me that we could make a neat little war cry for our club out of the Mayor's words. This is the way it goes:

*"Ouch! Ouch! Give us a vouch!  
Ouch! Ouch! Give us a vouch!"*

*Ouch! Ouch! Give us a vouch!*  
*Booooooooo!*  
*Holtsapple!"*

"Want to try that now? All right—one, two, three!"

The new war cry, too, was an immediate success.

"That was marvelous. And now, ladies, I have another very important engagement for which I'm late already. I can't thank you all one-millionth enough for this beautiful affair this evening. If I'm elected I'll try my very best to make you proud of me. And as I told you before and I'll tell you again—I love you one and all. Good night and God bless you."

And after shaking hands with Miss Brix, Satchells left the hall to the strains of "We Can't Give You Anything but Votes, Harrie."

In the lobby he got a dime changed and slipped into a phone booth.

"Doane 8937 . . . Mr. McQuilty, please, Mr. Satchells calling. Charlie? Harrie. Say, listen, I want to see you right away. Can't I come up now? Oh, nuts. No, not over the phone. All

right, all right, I'll drop in tomorrow. Sure, it went O.K. I say it went O.K. What? About four, five thousand. O.K. Good-bye."

Satchells hung up and then looked at the other nickel in his hand. He tossed it up and caught it several times. Finally he slowly took off the receiver and lingeringly slipped the coin into the slot. The ping of the bell sounded loud in his ears.

"Shore 6219. . . . Hello, how are you this evening? . . . uh-huh . . . uh-huh. . . . Yes, I'd like to very much . . . aaall right. Good-bye."

His Hispano was waiting at the door of the hotel.

"It's a nice night, Frank," he told the chauffeur. "I think I'll walk home."

"Yes, sir," said Frank, and as the car rolled away he winked at himself in the little mirror on the top of the windshield.

OF McQUILTY, the Republican boss, somebody once said: "Charlie'd steal the beads out of the rosary while a priest was blessing him." Like Frankie Hague in Jersey City the Mayor, himself, was head of the local Democratic machine. Since their ascensions neither had totally dominated the Greater City of Malta. To be sure, the Mayor controlled all the city patronage; but McQuilty held the county government in his sandy-haired paws; and to the Board of Aldermen thirty wards had returned Republicans to the Democrats' thirty-five. Both parties regularly swapped favors in the way of minor appointments, and the Republicans licked all the Federal gravy. It came time to war over these inalienable rights.



"Good Gawd," rumbled the Mayor early in August, "I can't run this campaign on lettuce and wind."

Charlie McQuilty, sitting in his private office at the Republican Club, blinked his white-lashed eyes like an owl in the noonday sun and muttered something about "No tickee no washee."

The drive for funds began.

Before it had ended both sides had raised more than \$800,000 each for sinews of war. Every one of the 106,708 municipal employees ungrudgingly contributed two per cent of his or her annual salary to the furthering of the Democratic fortunes; every one of the county and Federal employees to the Republican fund. It was looked upon as out and out job insurance, Civil Service or no Civil Service. As a result of these levies, about \$300,000 went to either party, or rather to the Mayor and McQuilty.

There was no accounting for these monies, of course, and for only a small portion of the rest of the \$1,600,000. Six months after the election, the two stooge campaign treasurers were to make public pretty little accountings, well within the limits of the Corrupt Practices Act, for \$25,000

or so apiece; every cent legitimately spent for Rent of Headquarters, Advertising, Telephones, Stamps, etc.

But \$25,000 would not cover the Mayor's liquor bill for a year or install the electric merry-go-round organ in McQuilty's manorial hall in Dorking which worked from a button at his bedside. Twenty-five thousand dollars would hardly suffice for Harrie Satchells' annual womanizing outlay or take care of Comptroller Wimpel's losses at the track. Twenty-five thousand dollars was spume to Niagara. The real cataract ran well into six figures, and before the floodgates could be opened a vast amount of currency had to be dammed. When all the public servants had heard the stern order, "Get it up!" and obeyed, the district and ward leaders were called in one by one, and each cigar-chewing satrap was commanded to bear down on his own domain. So, throughout the Greater City all the little landlords and shopkeepers, all the small contractors and tradesmen were privileged to assist in the preservation of self-government.

As the Democrats were the dominant party, empowered to whistle up firemen, building in-

spectors, health officers and packs of other badge-wearing violation-finders, the Mayor's cause received the cream of these neighborhood donations. Where the Republicans did well was in the financial district; and many, many of Satchells' friends sent in fat checks; a gentleman named Schnullbarger came through with \$50,000 and a nice letter. In short, one side used threats and the other promises, and each was highly effective.

But the Democrats did well in Pine Street, too. Dr. Hinchman, the goateed Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, dashed through the section followed by the twenty-eight other city department heads and their deputies, calling on contractors and sellers of supplies and materials who had enjoyed business relations with the municipality. Patrick Henry Hanratty, President of the Board of Education, (and an electrical sign manufacturer by profession) delivered a few soft words to the text book and school equipment trades and emerged smiling from every office.

Through various channels (principally by district leaders who ran crap or stud games in their clubhouses) the city's foremost racketeers, bootleggers, gamblers, bookmakers and other de-

fenders of personal liberty were approached and swiftly reasoned with.

The Mayor himself got in touch with just the right persons (or rather, with their lawyers) in the traction, communication, illuminating and heating industries and once again found the utilities useful in an election. (A few weeks later, when the Mayor attacked the Interests with vague ferocity, these just-right persons and their lawyers were to muse briefly on the strange ways of democracies and then return to their tickertapes.)

And finally, the Lower Orders did their share, too, although as always they were sublimely unaware of it. Two-thirds of Malta's citizenry lived on family incomes of less than \$2,500 a year and one-third on less than \$1,500. They were the people, the People, who genuinely enjoyed an election (but not a primary) and did most of the voting. To them an election was a wonderful free show. To them an election was the glorious finale to the quadrennial six weeks when the doctrine that all men are equal seemed to be an actual fact. There were other elections, of course: presidential, congressional, legislative, judicial—but to the good Maltese the best of all elections was the bat-

tle of the home champions, the fine, bloody, no-holds-barred, six-week battle.

During these six weeks they were feted, they were entertained, they were appealed to as superior beings. They did not realize, of course, that after the smoke had lifted it was all to be charged up to them in increased cost of food and rent and clothing. The following summer when milk went up another cent a quart and dungarees were half a buck more and dwelling in a slum came higher they were angry, but they did not know enough to suspect that the men they had so ecstatically chosen to govern them had contributed to their trouble. The connection between business and politics they had heard shouted at them countless times; but it had always meant "Sock the Rich," Robin Hood stuff, which they admired wholeheartedly. Besides, they knew their politicians at close hand and adored them.

Take Flurrie Feely, Commissioner of Docks (and an undertaker by profession) and Democratic leader of the Nineteenth Assembly District. Flurrie, in the eyes of the Nineteenth, was probably the greatest man in the whole world. Look at the way he cared for his people—always giving



out coal and baskets of food in the winter, ice and skipping ropes and marbles in the summer and funerals whenever they were needed. (The funerals were paid for direct by the Democratic Club at \$200 a funeral and cost Flurrie \$75. Whatever Flurrie could get out of the family of the loved one was just like finding it.) The people were so devoted to Flurrie that some of them gave even their lives for the Malta Democracy. That September a huge fire broke out in a block of tenements in the heart of the district, and fifty-six of Flurrie's constituents were fried alive. Nearly two years previously these tenements had been found totally lacking in safety appliances; but the owner saw Flurrie and Flurrie saw the Tenement House Commissioner and the Tenement House Commissioner saw the Mayor and the Mayor sent word back to Flurrie that everything would be O.K. if——

And everything was: for Flurrie a new motor-hearse; for the Mayor the district by huge majority; and for the fifty-six over-zealous Democrats each and every one a nice funeral.



---

# 10

---

IT WAS REALLY hard luck on the Republican cause that the heroin seizure had been made in late July instead of in late October; for by late August the citizenry of Malta had completely forgotten about it and centered its interest on the furious struggle the Crusaders were making for the National League pennant. The pennant and American Tel. and Tel., General Motors, Montgomery Ward, U. S. Steel and American Can: the bull had not only jumped over the moon but gave every sign of soaring beyond the most distant planets. "Ouch! Ouch! Give us a vouch!" appealed to the body politic more lastingly. Holt-sapple was referred to editorially several times in the Republican papers as "Mayor Ouch" and car-

icatured by one cartoonist with the seat of his trousers on fire; the flames were labelled "Narcotic Exposures" and out of his mouth floated a balloon containing the word, "Ouch!" This cartoon was entitled "Looking for Lake Vouch to Sit Down In"; and the Republican Campaign Committee had several hundred thousand copies struck off in poster form for city-wide distribution. These posters never saw service, however, because just as they were about to be released the Mayor appeared at a monster mass meeting in the 63rd Regiment Armory with a copy of the newspaper (not the issue with the offending cartoon, however) in his hand and proceeded to boomerang the whole conceit to pieces.

"Friends," he began, "I got a copy of the *Press-Register* here with a picture in it that I want to show you. Maybe some of you got a look at it. But for those that didn't I'd just like to tell you about it. It's a picture of me, friends. It shows the Mayor with his clothing on fire. Over the top here it says: 'Looking for Lake Vouch to Sit Down In.' It's supposed to be a funny picture, friends. I'll just pass it around so's you can look at it for yourselves."

He walked to the edge of the platform and tossed the paper into the first row where the precinct captains from the Eighth were lolling on their funeral chairs. With a gently deprecating smile on his face he was silent for half a minute.

"Well, why don't you laugh, friends? Don't that picture make you laugh? It's a funny picture, isn't it? It shows the Mayor with his clothing on fire. Don't that strike you as uproarious? It makes the Mayor ridiculous, don't it? That oughta make everybody laugh. And up at the top there it says: 'Looking for Lake Vouch to Sit Down In.' Don't that make you laugh until the tears run down your face? Lake Vouch. Where's that? I never heard of it; but maybe some of you know where it is, and it's supposed to be funny. Go ahead, everybody, and have a good big laugh at the Mayor's expense."

Another pause.

"Why, friends, I don't hear any laughter; not a single titter nor giggle. I don't even see a single smile. And why don't I? Because, friends, the people of this Greater City refuse to enter into a dirty, rotten conspiracy of the public plunderers to rob me of my good name, that's why! The

people of this Greater City will have no part in a scandalous attempt to make me ridiculous and discredit me after thirty years of public service in their behalf. Just take a look at that picture. Isn't that a nice thing for the Mayor's wife and children to see? Put yourself in the Mayor's place and see how you'd like it to have *your* wife and children see a picture like that about *you*. Just take another look at that picture, friends. Isn't that a nice thing for the Mayor's friends and fellow workers to have staring at them in the morning at their breakfast table? And how do you think the Mayor felt when he saw that picture himself?

"I'll tell you, friends: he felt mighty bad, mighty, mighty bad. Mighty bowed down. He felt: 'What's the use giving your time and your money and your whole life to the people when that's the way you get treated for your pains?' He felt just about ready to quit, I can tell you, just about ready to take his hat and go home and call it a day. He was about through, I can tell you, just about through.

"But then something happened that day that put a new face on it, friends, and gave him a new

lease on life so's he could hold his head up again. An old and dear friend of his come to him that day. And when he saw the Mayor bowed down he put his hand on his shoulder and he says: 'Mister Mayor,' he says, 'you don't mean to say you're paying that picture in the paper this morning any mind, do you?' And the Mayor's heart was sore and he says: 'Yes, Joe, I do. It hurts me, Joe, it hurts me here. I been looking after the good people of the City of Malta with all my heart and soul for thirty years now, and here they do a thing like this to me.' And Joe says: 'Why, Mister Mayor, you must be outa your mind. This ain't the *people* made this picture. They don't know and *they don't care* anything about it. It's just a nasty, dirty, rotten, plundering, trust-run newspaper made it, that's who made it. And my advice to you is to get out and tell the *people* about it. Meet 'em face to face and lay your troubles before 'em. Ask 'em what they think and abide by their decision. But be sure it's the *people* you go to.'

"And, friends, that's why I'm here tonight. I'm taking Joe's advice. Do you believe what it says in this picture? Has anybody here seen me



or heard about me with my clothing on fire? Did anybody hear me asking the directions to a place called Lake Vouch? No, you didn't, friends, and anybody says he seen me with my clothing on fire or heard me asking any such directions is a LIAR! And this picture is a LIE, and I brand as LIARS the trust-run *Press-Register* and the plunder-mad Republican Campaign Committee that started this whole infamous attempt to slander me and discredit me and rob me of my good name and humiliate me before my wife and my children and crucify me!"

Phillip Dorsey, sitting high in the gallery, gently ran the ball of his right ring finger down the three-inch scar on the dome of his skull as he listened to the applause roar and roar and roar.



THE CAMPAIGN recruited a rabble of most of the bogus publicity experts in town—reporters who had been unable to make a 'varsity squad, broken-down tipsters, We Boys, petty promoters of every sort, chisellers, all the nincompoop sutlers to public opinion—and enlisted them in the mercenary armies of both sides. Not all combined were instrumental in obtaining a single line of *réclame* for either of the champions in any newspaper; but their assistance was considered essential by the strategists. Equally wasted were the huge sums spent on full page advertisements in all the city's newspapers tromboning the aims and superiorities of the rival gladiators. Who read them? Nobody, not even the gladiators' wives.

The local foreign language press was fixed—by both sides for goodly sums—and to no purpose whatsoever.

Each faction took half an hour of radio time every evening for six weeks at \$12 a minute, which worked out to a grand total of \$30,240; and whenever a Maltese accidentally tuned in and found it wasn't "Ise Regusted" he immediately began fishing for Paul Whiteman. The Democrats sent out 750,000 circulars by mail at six cents apiece; and the Republicans sent out a million—cost, \$105,000. Few of their recipients even bothered to scan them much less heed their urgings. Talking shorts of the principal candidates mouthing and gesturing their appeals were made and exhibited in various public squares from screens mounted on motor trucks. The din of passing traffic never failed to extinguish the burning messages.

Phony fraternal orders ("The Sons of Freedom," "The Order of the Western World," "The Royal and Ancient Shamrock Guild," "The Junior Company of Loyal Americans," to name a few) sprang forth like nits, received their emoluments and vanished utterly after the election.

Labor leaders, representing every conceivable trade, put on their bogy false faces and booed at the campaign manipulators until they had been dealt with. As a political factor, Malta's labor vote, save for the pygmy Socialists and the lilliputian Communists, amounted to exactly nothing at all: workers did not vote as workers but as spectators at a circus applauding various performances.

Several acres of billboard space were covered with:

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!  
FOR  
HARRIE! HARRIE! HARRIE!

and

MALTA FIRST  
SLAKE THAT THIRST  
WITH JOLLY JOHN

in letters ten feet high; transparencies and banners were strung across streets by the hundreds; and thousands and thousands of cards bearing candidates' photographs and specifications were

fastened to everything that would take tacks. The Mayor designed a nifty red button which urged:

All For Malta  
Malta For All  
and  
Everybody for Holtsapple.

Two million of these were passed around. The Republicans replied with a green button (cozenage to the Irish vote) declaring "I Am For——" and suspended from it by a short piece of the Stars and Stripes were two little chocolate satchels, which caused thousands of recess fights in school grounds all over the city. Orville Loftus, the Municipal Scroll Reader, suggested that the Mayor reply with a similar button only with a little chocolate hand holding a little chocolate apple dangling down. "See, John, 'Holts-apple.' Get it?" But the Mayor had a hangover that morning.

What Al Smith christened "boloney pictures" the previous summer were posed for in profusion: the Mayor on one knee at the finals in the State-wide Marble Shooting Championship; Satchells

in a Boy Scout hat being sworn as a Tenderfoot into Troop 16; the Mayor in the cab of the largest B. & O. engine at the Grand Union Depot with the far too small cap of the engineer on his great head; Satchells with his arm around the skinny shoulders of Micajah Hudgins, Malta's oldest voter, who had first marched to the polls for William Henry Harrison. . . In every conceivable position the two were snapped: kissing babies, dandling gluey-mouthed children, laying wreathes, baking bread, tanning hides, throwing baseballs, kicking footballs, riding gang plows, shooting, swimming, waving at people. The Divine Cal himself had no more versatile a repertoire.

Both sides sent out their dirt-squirters, each carefully instructed never to squirt before more than one person at a time. The Mayor held a long conference over just what squirted on Satchells would do him the most harm. Mike Raffigan told him about Inge.

"Who is she?"

"She's a massooze, John."

"A what?"

"You know, she gives massadge to the society

dames. Got a big jernt of her own on Federal Street."

"He sold his birthright for a pet of massage?" Loftus offered and then burped in self-criticism.

"Good Gawd," said the Mayor, "do you want to elect the guy? Lay off that dame stuff or the people are li'ble to think it's swell and vote for him. No, we gotta get something about his family."

"How about him havin' Chineese blood?" suggested Mike.

"Oh, Gawd," groaned the Mayor, "where did I ever come across such a spool-head as you, Mike Raffigan? I oughta sell you to the Ringling Brothers. Chineese blood! Why, you goddam loogan, the guy's Princeton and belongs to the Union League. *That's* what we want to get over—him a silk stocking, don't you ketch on? And we don't want to make it too hard or nobody'll get what you're talking about. Let's see . . . How's this—he gets his clothes made in New York? No, wait a minute . . . He gets his clothes made in *London*! That ought to go great with you mackerel-snappers. He gets his clothes made in London. How's 'at?"



"Oh, fine, John, fine! He gets his clothes made in London. Hmmm. Oh, that's fine. He gets his clothes made in London, does he, the muzzler? Hmm. Just wait till the people hear that. In London, hey? Hmm."

"They make his clothes in London, but he makes his dimes himself," Loftus sang softly, but stopped when he caught the Mayor's glare and let his gaze roll towards the ceiling.

McQuilty ordered his dirt-squirters to circulate the rumor that the Mayor was grievously afflicted with a certain social sickness and therefore unfitted for further tenure of office.

In mid-September both candidates with their general staffs and most prominent onhangers withdrew from the city for a two weeks' rest and loin-girding: the Democrats descended on White Sulphur Springs; the Republicans on French Lick.

When they returned the heavy strafing began.

ON THE NIGHT of October 6 in the auditorium of the Malta Republican Club before an audience of 4,000 election workers of all ranks, Harrie Satchells held up his hand to still the uproar that followed the chairman's crescendoed introduction. Puzzled, the audience let its clapping and cheering trickle away.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart," he said. "That greeting was meant for me. I am deeply touched and I love you for it. But tonight we have another speaker with us, a surprise visitor, whose name is not on the program."

He smiled at the committee, glanced towards the wings, then walked to the footlights and bent

over to confer with the orchestra leader. The audience began to buzz and mutter and wonder what was happening. "Hoover . . . It's Hoover coming . . . It's Dawes . . . Charlie . . . Hoover . . . Doc Work . . . Walter Brown . . . Sim Fess . . . the O-Cedar Mop . . . shhhh . . . Harrie's stewed . . ."

Once again Satchells was holding up his hand.

"Please, ladies and gentlemen, please, while I introduce the guest of honor. Unfortunately our committee didn't know about his coming this evening, so nobody was ready for him. I had to bring him myself. But if the Professor will just oblige with a little appropriate music I'll have him here for you in no time."

As the orchestra struck up a soft acrobats' waltz, Satchells drew from the pocket of his dinner jacket a little flat packet and a shiny nickel bicycle pump, the kind that fits into the leather case on the back of the saddle. Like a magician starting an illusion, he removed a rubber band, shook out the packet until it extended from just above his knees to the floor and then deftly screwed the nozzle of the bicycle pump into it. He began to pump swiftly.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I met our guest this afternoon wandering around with a forlorn look on his face." (*Pump, pump, pump, pump.* The flat packet now resembled a half-inflated inner tube.) "He asked me what I was doing tonight. I told him I was coming here and invited him to come with me. He said he'd like to very much, but he didn't think he could crash the gate." (*Pump, pump, pump, pump.* The inner tube had changed to a brown slab of muddy jelly.) "I told him not to be afraid—we Republicans are law-abiding, harmless people, not like those of a certain other political organization." (Laughter and cheers drowned the swift whreenging of the pump; the slab of muddy jelly was assuming a blurred human shape.)

"So I told him," Satchells shouted, working the pump like mad, "that if he was so scared of us it would be no trouble at all to carry him here or anywhere else *in my pocket*. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce the Honorable John Holtsapple, who'll soon be the *late* Mayor of Malta!"

And there, even to the fat flaps, stood a huge pneumatic caricature of His Honor. One final

pump plunge and Satchells seized the balloon's right hand in his own and shook it. *Fortissimo*, in a minor key and heavily backed by the laughing trombones, the orchestra broke into the "Jolly John Rag." Satchells himself roared and mopped his brow as the crowd went mad for ten minutes and the musicians brayed furiously on.

He reached up and grasped the neck of the monster from behind with his left hand and made it bow in all directions.

"Yes, Mister Mayor, we're delighted to have you with us tonight. I've never seen you looking better. How do you feel?"

Satchells bent the monster's head over towards his left ear as though it were whispering and pretended to listen.

"He says he feels small, ladies and gentlemen, he says he feels small. All right, sir, we'll soon fix that."

And he worked the pump in the monster's side until it was a head taller.

"How's that now, better?"

The monster nodded.

"It's very simple, ladies and gentlemen, just a little more air settles everything. Whenever

anything's been wrong at the City Hall for the last sixteen years, all that's been necessary is some more wind. Tell us, Mr. Mayor, how do you feel about chances on November 5th?"

The monster swelled higher and higher until it was twice the size of its Frankenstein. Satchells unscrewed the pump from the monster's side and pressed the valve needle. A swift jet of air shot out.

"How do you think the people are going to vote when they remember those narcotic seizures?" Satchells shouted. The monster began diminishing.

"And what about the bigger budget and those increased tax rates?"

A swift shrinkage.

"And how about the Stitchleigh subway you promised to have ready two years ago?"

The monster shuddered and shrank. He was his master's size now.

"And those South Side sewers! And the 279 murders last year!"

Horrible wrinkles and folds appeared in the monster's face and neck.

"And the ice ring last summer! And the



thousands and thousands of children with no seats for them in the public schools!"

Satchells shouted charge after charge, furiously, and the monster withered, puckered, contracted like the man in the Poe tale who deliquesced before the teller's eyes. As it dwindled to midget size, Satchells roared:

"How do you feel about November 5th now, Mr. Mayor?"

He let all the air out with a rush, folded the tube into a little flat packet, slipped the rubber band around it, dropped it into his pocket with an underscored motion and walked off stage to a thunderous chorus of "We Won't Give You Anything but Votes, Harrie."

A LIGHT TRUCK with cheesecloth banners on its sides:

VOTE YES ON THE CITY MANAGER  
AMENDMENT

was parked at the northeast corner of Blatchford Avenue and Ransome Street in the upper East Side. From its tail Phillip Dorsey addressed an audience (the cop on the beat, several dozen dirty little boys, a fat man with a parcel under his arm and a kimonoed woman sticking her curl-papered head out of a window over the drug store) on civic betterment. Carried away by the fervor of his message, he spoke on and on and on, ob-

livious of his audience, his surroundings, the noise of the surface cars which droned and clanged by him in rapid succession. His speech, a mortise and tenon of logic, first set forth in detail twenty reasons (ten to each) why neither the Mayor nor Satchells should be voted for, and then took up the outstanding advantages of the City Manager System. He had delivered it with great effect before the Civic Association, the Malta Federated Council of Churches, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the South Side Single Tax Guild, the Dorking Municipal League, the Malta Short Ballot Association, the Proportional Representation Society, the Federated Malta College Women, the Civil Service Reform League, the National Committee for Better Films, Malta Branch, and dozens of other forward-looking organizations and groups. And now here he was on his city-wide swing. During his career at the bar, Phillip Dorsey had done very little trial work; none at all in the criminal courts.

"And let me show you some comparative data on these slates," he was saying. His niece, a Miss Pendelbury just out of Radcliffe, handed him a slate like a conjurer's assistant passing a rabbit.

Dorsey held the slate high over his head and moved it to the right and left so that all could see.

"First, let us compare the per capita debt here to those of other cities the size of Malta," he shouted. "On this slate we have New York. New York's per capita debt as of 1928, you see, is \$212.76. What is Malta's? Malta's is \$289.89. Two hundred and eighty-nine dollars and eighty-nine cents——"

A pianola on the top floor of a dingy brick building next to the drug store set out on "Makin' Whoopee" with all the brakes off.

*Another bride,  
Another groom,  
Another sunny  
Ah-honeymoon,  
Another season,  
Another reason  
For makin' whoopee.  
A boodle-leet-teeday, BAM!*

"And on this slate which I show you here, you see Chicago's per capita debt as compared to Malta's. Even as badly governed a city as Chicago has a lower——"

A covey of young men with fedoras cocked over their ears came out of a basement poolroom across the street and gathered around the truck tail.

"Everybody knows about Chicago. And yet with all their appalling mismanagement——"

"Let 'im have it," yelled a voice, and as one the young men drew back their right arms. A barrage of eggs spatted over the truck; pick, puck, pack, pock. One struck the slate which Dorsey still held aloft, and a gooey mess drooled down his sleeve. Miss Pendelbury screamed as something wet and slimy hit her in the face. The driver of the truck started his engine and the car jolted off down the street to a chorus of jeers and birds.

Dorsey wiped yolks and albumen from his suit front.

"What was that that hit you, my dear?"

"Ugh, a fish," said Miss Pendelbury.

"The cowardly swine, they might have broken your glasses."

And with his foot he disgustedly kicked a large flounder over the truck tail.

BEYOND QUESTION Malta's greatest Afro-ophile was the Mayor, for in the black vote he had discovered the deciding factor of strength which enabled him to win again and again the otherwise evenly divided city. By every right Republicans, the colored voters had fallen wholly under the spell of this Democratic Svengali; and the docile regularity with which they shuffled to the polls every election day and voted for him to a man had driven the Mayor's enemies nearly out of their minds.

Nothing, apparently, nothing could be done about it. If the Republicans gave a clam bake for them, the Mayor threw a bigger and better barbecue. If the Republicans offered brass bands, the



Mayor ran a jazz contest with a week-end of free dancing and refreshments. In the 1925 campaign McQuilty's minions distributed in the Negro section thousands of sets of rattle bones with the names of the Republican candidates stamped on them. The Mayor replied with a hundred thousand pairs of large dice on each face of which grinned his picture. All you had to do was burn dots in them with a hot nail. Joe Hunt, the local Negro heavyweight, swung the 1921 campaign. There was a tremendous agitation that summer to match him with Dempsey for the American heavyweight championship, the fight to be in Malta. Everything, it seemed, was ready but the State Boxing Commission, which refused at first to sanction the match. There was much talk of the color line and race discrimination. Then the Mayor wangled the Commission's consent. And did he ring the changes on it! The speech in which he referred to himself time after time throughout the black belt as the Great Emancipator of Today sent him to the City Hall for four years more. Dempsey went to Boyle's Thirty Acres and fought Gorgeous Georges, instead. But the big thing was that the Mayor got Dempsey

permission to fight Joe if he wanted to. Enough.

Ninety-nine per cent of the colored population lived in Sicily, an island in the Tiber River which writhed through the northern part of the city. The scarcity of labor during the World War had enormously increased Malta's Negro citizenry: more than 100,000 had moved in from the South and now they numbered better than a quarter million.

On the night of October 13th in the Sicily Casino the Mayor's arrival threw 20,000 colored voters into the wildest uproar, for at the end of two leashes he dragged a pair of pigs from the wings. One was a hog, so vast it could hardly waddle, the other a squealing shoat. The shoat's hind legs were encased in a pair of little silk stockings. The Mayor pulled and pushed the hog until he had maneuvered it into the center of the stage and then untangled the leash of the shoat from his left leg. It was very difficult to get the crowd quieted for his message.

"Friends and fellow citizens," he said, "we have a coupla extra speakers with us tonight who turned up at the last minute, so their names didn't get on the program. Let me introduce 'em to you.

This one here," he pointed to the hog, "is the Honable Charlie, My Boy, McQuilty. And this little fellow over here's the Honable Harrie Satchells, President of the Board of Aldermen and a candidate for office this fall. He put his silk stockings on tonight so's he could show everybody what a high-and-mighty muck-a-muck he is."

The hog sat down.

"Well, Charlie, my boy, I see you've decided to take things easy. That's been Charlie's motto all his life, friends: 'Take things easy—'specially if they belong to somebody else. If you can't take 'em easy, take 'em hard, but take 'em, keep taking 'em alla time.'

"Just bring that microphone over here close to the floor. I want Charlie, my boy, to say a few words to us and I want the folks all over the country to hear it. Folks, this is WGCM, the municipal broadcasting station of the Greater City of Malta. This is coming to you from a Democratic rally in the Sicily Casino in honor of the Honable John Holtsapple, Mayor of the Greater City of Malta. We are fortunate in having with us tonight Charlie, My Boy, McQuilty, the Harmonious Hog. The Republican platform, folks."

He straddled the hog, stroked its side and held the microphone down to its snout.

*"Rrroink, oink, oink, oink,"* the hog grunted.

"Sounds like a fine platform, Charlie, my boy. And if you get your hoofs on the City Hall what do you intend to do with the people's money?"

*"Rrroink, oink, oink, oink."*

"I'm sure the people's money'll get well taken care of. And now, Charlie, my boy, just one more question. To what do you attribute your success in life?"

*"Rrroink!"*

"Thanks very much, Charlie, my boy. I think, friends, that Charlie's left us a fine recipe for how to get on in this world—just be a hog and give 'em plenty of the old rrroink, and everything'll be jake. Now let's hear from our silk stocking friend. C'mere you."

He hauled the shoat to him and took it up in his arms, arranging its front trotters over his left forearm and seizing its tail.

"Well, Harrie, how do you feel about November 5th?"

With its little blue eyes bulging, the shoat

gave forth a long, horrible, slaughterhouse squeal.

"And what'll you do when you see those Sicily Democrats come marching to the polls?"

The squeal was even more horrible than the first.

"And now, Harrie, let's have three cheers for Hoover and the Republican porky and then we'll say good night. Hip-hip ('Eeenk!') Hip-hip ('Eeeeeenk!!'). Hip-hip ('Eeeeeeeenk!!!')."

The Mayor dropped the shoat, kicked the hog to its feet, took a reef on the leashes and began dragging the pigs off the stage.

"Good night, folks," he thundered. "We gotta be on our way. We got a date at the slaughterhouse for November 5th and we're sure gonna keep it."

---

# 15

---

PHILLIP DORSEY and George Oates, city editor of the *Malta Morning Mail*, lunched together on November 2nd.

"Zoology seems to play a larger and larger role in the government of this great city as time goes on," said Oates. "First there's the pony murder and then Waldo, the Wrestling Bear, and then you get a fish heaved at you and now it's John and his trained pigs. Geez, what a gag that pig thing turned out to be! The people are crazy for it: he filled the Opera House this noon. I don't see how he can lose now."

"Vaudeville," said Dorsey, "sheer vaudeville. What's the human race coming to? And Satchells with his toy balloons! Why, he actually had the



crust to go through his performance before the Junior League and the Colony Club. Some of the most prominent women in the city! And they actually had the nerve to like it!"

"You got to give the people what they want." Oates lit a Bacia. "By the way, how do they seem to be wanting City Managership?"

Dorsey's face lit up.

"We're making progress," he said. "It's been hard going, some of it, but we're making progress all the time. The people have to be educated."

"You ought to get some pig-balloons," said Oates.

'POSTLE GODLY (he always insisted on the apostrophe when spelling his name for the unaware) awoke to a tinny ruffle, awoke easily and quickly, lifted an arm from under the turkey quilt, snapped on a light by the bed, snapped off the alarm clock. No yawning, no eye rubbing, no lip smacking. Two thirty. Time to get up and work for the Lord. 'Postle Godly turned to Mother Godly at his side and gazed for a little at her old bronzed face scowling like a Niger queen at some juju rite. Gently he shook her by the shoulder.

"Peace, Mother, time to get up and work for the Lord."

"Peace, 'Postle," said Mother Godly, blinking at the light. "Whut time is it?"

"Two thirty. Time you was up and waking the children."

As 'Postle Godly walked across the room November drafts blew under the door and ballooned his nightgown out. Shivering, he unbuttoned it at the neck and hauled it over his head.

"Mmm, sure is cold this morning."

From a hook in the cupboard he snatched a suit of heavy red woolens and began to stab his legs into them. Mmm, cold. The flaming union suit beautifully set off the 'Postle's Hershey-bar face with its short Nubian beard and his hands and feet—a contrast he never failed to enjoy; and he turned to the long mirror on the cupboard door as he began swiftly buttoning. Smoothing the garment down snug over his ribs and limbs he smiled at himself. Then he turned sideways and was distressed to find an incongruous bustle of red woolen hanging over his seat. Efforts to make it fit tight to the little flat hams were fruitless. He looked sharply at Mother Godly. In an old flowered wrapper she was just opening the door to go to call the children. Shucks. Sulkily he sat

down on the bed and drew on purple socks and tan shoes.

The unseemly protuberance was immediately forgotten, however, when 'Postle Godly saw himself in his mauve cassock. And his cerise surplice. And orange stole. From a cupboard shelf he lifted down his mitre and set it on his head, took up his crozier from a cupboard corner, struck a pose before the glass. Bulges were nowhere in his mind. He was magnificent now, no longer a little genie of roulette, but an effulgent cloud of glory, even in this sickly old mirror and bad light. Was it the mitre or the crozier? 'Postle Godly could never decide which of these accoutrements he loved the more. The mitre, a resplendent contraption of patent leather encrusted with tiny mother-of-pearl figures of geometric and astronomical design, lent him a dignity of stature not vouchsafed his naked five feet two. But the crozier, ah, that crozier! (the 'Postle hugged it to him and shot an almost shamefaced grin at himself) was what gave him his awfulness. A seven-foot glass cane with a black velvet cord chasing round and round up its whole length through a spiral groove, its crook stood out over the 'Postle's head while he exhorted

his flocks; not an instrument for the gentle drawing in of lambs but a barbed gaff for snagging libidinous rams, straying ewes and the profane goatly.

"Peace, 'Postle," Mother Godly said, "here comes the children."

The twelve children entered in their long white robes. Each carried a trombone save a little fat man who came in last bearing a bass drum. In his left hand he held a drum stick and in his right a switch.

"Peace, 'Postle," they said in soft unison when they had ranged themselves before him, women to his right, men to his left.

"Peace, children. All got your slip horns? And there's the drum."

"Yes, 'Postle."

He called the roll of the women first.

"Joy 'Bounding?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Salvation Everlasting?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Faith Eternal?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Hope Fulfilled?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Light From Above?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Love Without End?"

"Here, 'Postle."

Then he called the roll of the men.

"Blood of the Lamb?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Glory Hallelujah?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Suffer Little Children?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Washed in Jordan?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Concentrated Power?"

"Here, 'Postle."

"Peace at Any Price?"

This last was the little fat drummer who sounded a faint "boom-ditty-boom" with his stick and switch and cried raptly:

"Heaoh, 'Postle. It's mahvelous!"

All the other children and Mother Godly began to coo quickly: "Peace, 'Postle, peace . . . it's mahvelous, it's mahvelous, 'Postle . . . oh, mahvelous, mahvelous . . . peace!"



"Peace, children, it's mahvelous."

Loving kindness began to pervade the room. 'Postle Godly went to the window, raised it, stuck out his head. Douglass Square, the huge circular heart of the island from which six arteries pumped traffic, was empty save for a line of taxis in front of the Dark Secret. A few cluster lamps were still lit; but the sky was starless and there was a cloud over the moon. From the Dark Secret he heard brasses squalling tonic ululations that bounded from the floor and shook the building, and he put round an ear and listened. Sure enough. He scowled at the row of big velvet-curtained windows on the fifth floor through whose plateglass the rhythm penetrated and he drew back his head into the room.

"Peace, children."

"Peace, 'Postle."

"Hope you all are dressed good and warm. Goin' to be hard blowin' those slip horns out in the cold this morning, children, but you'll blow 'em, you'll blow 'em, 'cause it's the Lord's work you all are blowing 'em for, and you'll blow 'em. You all are blowing 'em for the Lord and for me. I am the Lord's gift to mankind and when you all

are blowing 'em for me you're blowing 'em for the Lord, too."

"It's mahvelous!"

"Peace, 'Postle, peace."

"Ohhhhh, peace!"

"Mahvelous! Mahvelous!"

"Peace, children, it's mahvelous. We better go down now and git ready for the coming."

'POSTLE GODLY recognized the jungly bounce from the Dark Secret. It was the "'Postle Godly Scronch," a molten ballad of forty-six verses composed in honor of the new religion and the new dance which between them had been ravaging Sicily for the past year. At that moment the Dark Secret (Moe and Milt Stein, proprietors), was packed with a convention of the district sales managers of the Dye-Dee-Doo Corporation, manufacturers of an electrical appliance for washing infants' wear. While sales managers watched her bulge-eyed, Chopsie Simons swayed her gorgeous molasses-taffy body before each table and sang verse after verse with yodelling warbles and deep chest tones. Chopsie had several gold

front teeth, but tonight she was noteworthy in so many other ways that they passed unobserved.

Beating time with a huge wad of bills in her left hand, she had just reached the thirty-third verse:

*Some people clay-he-hame that Godly was a  
'postle.*

*I dunno 'bout that*

*But I know he sure could——*

when

“ARRROOO! ARRROOO! ARRROOO!”

The roar, like an enormously magnified fire siren's shrill, seemed immediate, there, in the room. Every one turned to the big windows that gave on to the square. A great plume of fire flew past.

---

# 18

---

“SIXTEENT’ PRECIN’T, Lieutenant Brady speakin’ . . . Lady, you’ll have to take it easy, I can’t make out nutten you’re sayin’. How’s ’at again? . . . A balla what? Oh, a balla fire, hey? . . . Oh, it’s flyin’ around is it? And what’s that you say’s comin’ out of it? Oh, screamin’, hey? Tch, tch, tch, that sounds awful tough, lady. Well, lady, you better blow it out and go back to bed. I say it’s a job for the Fire Department . . . Awright, awright. Take it easy, lady. Peekaboo, lady.”

Lieutenant Brady twirled in his chair to the patrolman working the switchboard by the desk.

“Y’imagine ’at, Mike? Ballsa fire she’s got!

What are these spades puttin' in their gin? Ballsa fire! 'At's a new one.'

But Mike didn't answer, for eight calls had just hit the switchboard at once.



---

# 19

---

"GIMME THE NIGHT DESK for God's sake. Hello, who is this? Oh, Brooks, Lavelly. Say, all hell's busted loose up here. The niggers are goin' crazy. There's a big ball of fire bobbin' all over the island makin' terrible noises. What? Of *course* I'm sober. Listen, this thing swooped down about ten minutes ago and it's bobbin' up and down all over everywhere. I thought it was a boinin' plane at first, but a boinin' plane *lands* some time and this thing shoots *up* every once in awhile. It's the goddamdest thing *I* ever saw. Sure, I can see it right now out the window while I'm talkin' to you here from the shack. The niggers are goin' screwier every second. Have you got time for somethin' on it? . . . O.K."

Brooks went over to the bridge game.

“Lately says there’s a big ball of fire over Sicily scaring everybody to death. He says terrible noises are coming out of it and it’s not a burning plane, because it’s been in sight for at least ten minutes now and every once in awhile it goes up. He does sound pretty sober.”

“Oh, nuts. Well, go see what’s the matter with him, Bob, and if he’s stiff again tell him I said it’s the last time. And hurry back. We gotta set these mugs.”

“ARRROOOO! ARRROOOO! ARRROOOO!”

The flame plume had skimmed the chimneys all over the island and was swiftly encircling the square again. Out of it came a furious roar and a hellish shrieking. Houses and tenements were emptying and the people ran half-dressed, night-gowned, naked into the street, bumping and knocking each other down as they watched the dreadful thing above.

Suddenly the shrieking ceased and from the flames a doomful voice thundered:

“REPENT! REPENT! REPENT!”

The people began to fall on their knees and moan. Again the fire went bobbing over the housetops. Again it returned to the square.

“SEE 'POSTLE GODLY. SEE 'POSTLE GODLY. HE IS YOUR MOSES. HE IS

YOUR MOSES. FOLLOW HIM IN ALL THINGS. FOLLOW HIM IN ALL THINGS. AND REPENT! REPENT! REPENT!"

The fire rose up and up and up, higher and higher and higher, till it winked out.

Then music blew down the wind to the people and drew them. Through the streets they ran, hobbled, crawled towards the square. 'Postle Godly stood in a big truck drawn up before the chain store over which he lived. He leaned on a lectern set up in the truck-bed and watched the people coming. Behind him the eleven trombones, alto, tenor and bass, were playing "Roll, Jordan, Roll!" over and over and over again, while the people drank the melody and packed closer and closer to drink its healing balm.

*Roll, Jordan, roll;*

*Roll, Jordan, roll.*

*I want to go to Heaven when I dieeee  
To hear those angels sing.*

On and on they came until the whole square was filled. The music stopped. When 'Postle Godly began to speak his voice carried to every one there, even up the side streets.

“YEAH?”

“John, Mike. John, holy jumpin’ *waddle-laddle-laddle—ah-tab-tab-tab-tab-tab——*”

“What?”

“I says *waddle-laddle-laddle-waddle-waddle-ah-tab-tab-tab——*”

“For Gawd’s sake, man, don’t holler so loud and take it easy. Now, try it again.”

“John, Jesus, Mary and the Little Sisters of St. Tapioca, come up to the Crusader Stadium right away. The niggers is goin’ crazy. They’re rollin’ on the ground and it’s eight o’clock and I’m here since six and there ain’t a nigger voted since the polls opened. Me and Svitka can’t do

nothing with 'em, *nothing!* A nigger priest has got 'em and he's givin' 'em fits."

"Well, tell the cops to throw the sonnabitch in jail."

"Are you crazy? Don't you want to win this election? You better come up here right away and see what you can do. But whatever you do, no rough stuff."

"O.K. Good-bye. . . . Phееееew!"



THE MOTORIZED RIOT SQUAD cleared a way through the people for the Packard with the top down. In the back seat sat the Mayor with Charlie, the Hog, and Harrie, the Shoat, on either side of him. First, the riot squad roared around the field, throttles open wide, klaxons squawking, and the cop in each sidecar holding his nightstick out at arm's length from his right side. Then the Mayor toured a slow lap, standing up and doffing his hat; and finally the Packard stopped by the big truck parked alongside the centerfield bleachers. 'Postle Godly glanced up from his huge Bible when the Mayor roared:

"Howdy, 'Postle! Kinda warm for election day. Don't let me interrupt. I just thought maybe

I could take you in my car to cast your vote," and waved Harrie by the scruff of the neck.

'Postle Godly spoke into the little microphone screwed to the lectern's edge:

"Here it is. Ninth chapter of Revelation. Verse fifteen."

Loud speakers under the roofs of the grandstands blared his words back across the field.

" 'And the four angels were loosed which were prepared for an hour and a day and a month and a year, for to slay the third part of the men. And the number of the horsemen were *two hundred THOUSAN' THOUSAN'*, and I heard the number of them. And thus I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat upon them, having breastplates of FIRE, and of jacinth and brimstone. And the heads of the horses were as heads of LIONS, and out of their mouths issued FIRE and SMOKE and BRIMSTONE.' "

The people began to fall on their knees and wring their hands.

"Oh, peace, 'Postle . . . peace."

'Postle Godly shook his head relentlessly from side to side.

"Don't take my word for it. Listen what the

Good Book say. Listen to the Word of the Lord, right here in Revelation. Chapter nine. You all seen that fire this mornin'. Here it is right down here in the good book: 'And the heads of the horses were as heads of LIONS and out of their mouths issued FIRE and SMOKE and BRIMSTONE!' That was those LIONS you heard roaring and what you seen was FIRE and SMOKE and BRIMSTONE.

"And what do it say here in the Good Book that this yere FIRE and this yere SMOKE and this yere BRIMSTONE done to the sinners and the gamblers and the midnight rounders? Listen to what it say right here. Ninth chapter of Revelation. Verse eighteen. This yere is what it done:

" 'By these three,' it say, 'was the third part of the men KILLED, by the FIRE, and by the SMOKE and by the BRIMSTONE, which issued out of their mouths!' And that don't mean just the MEN, it means the WOMEN, too. It mean all MANKIND. It mean EVER'BODY!

"And listen to what else it say here: 'For the power is in their mouths and in their tails: for their tails were like unto SERPENTS, and had heads, and with them they do HURT.' You all

seen the TAIL on that thing last night. It was one long tail. And maybe you think because it didn't hurt you it ain't comin' AGAIN."

The people began to groan and bend.

" 'And the REST of the men,' that's you all and EVER'BODY, 'which were not killed by these plagues REPENTED NOT of the works of their hands, that they should not worship DEVILS and IDOLS of GOLD and SILVER and BRASS and STONE and WOOD, which neither can see nor hear nor talk.' That's YOU. THAT'S YOU ALL right here in the Good Book. Don't it say right here, Ninth chapter Revelation, Verse twenty, don't it say they REPENTED NOT? And didn' you all hear that fire say REPENT! REPENT! REPENT! Didn' you?

"And here's the end of the chapter. 'Neither REPENTED they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornications, nor of their thefts.' That's you, oh, that's you. All you killers an' knifers. All you midnight rounders an' foolers around. All you creepers an' scronchers. All you stealers an' thieves.

"An' you sorcerers. All you fortune tellers and

all you gamblin' men, all you numbers players and crap shooters, all you bolito boys and poker dealers. You are a BUNCH OF SNAKES! REPENT! REPENT! REPENT! Or that FIRE and that SMOKE and that BRIMSTONE gon' get you tonight like it say right here in the Good Book."

The people began to bay and yap and roll on the ground. Then like a mighty army of giant black ants they crawled across the field to the truck. A hundred thousand hands stretched towards it. There was a vast soft weeping. Chopsie Simons, still in her night-club lace, stumbled through the creepers and scrambled up on the truck tail. She grovelled to him and embraced his feet and clung there weeping and shaking.

"Oh, please, 'Postle, peace. Oh, baptise me, 'Postle. Baptise me."

"Will y'all be BAPTISED?"

"Oh, baptise us, 'Postle . . . Hallelujah! . . . Oh, peace, peace . . . Baptise us, 'Postle . . . Oh, peace!"

"If you REPENT, then shall ye be baptised. The water will be cold, sinners, but that FIRE and that SMOKE and that BRIMSTONE will

be HOT. And so ye shall suffer that y'all can obtain SALVATION."

"Hallelujah! . . . Oh, peace, peace . . . Baptise us, 'Postle, oh, baptise us . . . Peace!"

'Postle Godly bent down. Expertly, with one hand he disconnected Chopsie Simons and with the other the wires of the microphone. He nodded to Peace at Any Price. The trombones thundered into "Gather at the River." Slowly the truck started for the north exit.

*We will ga-uh-ther at the ri-uh-ver,  
The beautiful, the beautiful ah-ri-uh-ver.  
We will gather, gather, gather at that ri-uh-ver  
That flows by the throne of God.*

The people swarmed after.

"If I was you I'd scram, Your Honor," a police inspector suggested.

The Mayor was standing up in the back of the open Packard. In his right hand he still held Harrie, the shoat, by the scruff of the neck.



SATCHELLS WINS BY 80,000 PLURALITY

DEMOCRATS CARRY COUNTY

CITY MANAGEMENT SNOWED UNDER

ran the streamers in the extras.

Somewhere above the grand ballroom of the Statler, Harrie Satchells sat on the edge of a bathtub and sipped from a champagne glass, a magnum by his feet. Charlie McQuilty and the re-elected District Attorney Gerard stood up and listened.

“Oh, God, I’ll die. First of all the phosphorus

didn't show up at all. Lousy. Looked like a constipated lightning bug on a cold night. So Eddie got out a little all-metal job and we pitched in and painted her black. Geez, did we sling paint! I was about the color of 'Postle Godly when I got through, and it took me all day to turp it off my face and hands. What a night! What a lovely, lovely night."

He took a sip of champagne and choked with laughter.

"Then we wired about a ton of waste soaked in oil to the top wing. Eddie didn't want to do it at first, because it wasn't his bus, but I told him damn the torpedoes and to hell with the expense. 'This is a Republican year,' I told him. 'We can only burn up once. Anything for a just cause.' And he said 'Yes, I know, but this crate belongs to a prominent Democrat.' And then he told me whose it was and ah-ha-ha-ha, oh, God, I'll die."

Again he sipped and choked.

"Listen, get this and then we'll all die. It belongs to, ah-ha, oh, God, to little Ike Wimpel, Milt Wimpel's brother!"

"No!"

"Oh, God, ain't that rich. Don't he know about it yet?"

"No, he's in Europe and Eddie hopes to get the black paint turped off before he gets back. Well, anyway, the radio guy sweats blood switching the mike and loud speaker onto the all-metal job and about 2:30 we're set. We landed on the Windermere golf course just above Sicily and lit the waste. Everything broke swell. I was scared the waste wouldn't burn, not to mention the goddam plane blowing up. But Eddie carried very little gas and his only worry was that he might run out. What a man! You can't beat those old night bombers.

"Well, we got over Sicily in about ten seconds and then I opened up with the fire siren and Eddie started to bust-off chimneys and church steeples. Geez, can that boy fly! How'd we look?"

"Marvelous. There was so much fire and the black paint and all, you couldn't see the plane unless you were looking for it."

"And the sound effects. REPENT! REPENT! REPENT! Oh, God, I'll die. And then we climbed way to hell up and out of sight. What a man, that Eddie! Charlie, I'm going to start a

Police Air Force and make him the inspector in command."

"Say, that's a great idea. Police Air Force, eh? Fine. And while we're at it we better make this Godly somethin'."

"The 'Postle! God, I nearly forgot him. How was he, Alec?"

"Oh, wonderful. He baptised every nigger in Sicily till a whole hour after the polls closed."

"Fine, let's make him Chaplain to the Fire Department. Or, I got it: how about Smoke Inspector?"

"Ah-ha-ha-ha . . . hoh-hoh-hoh . . . hee-hee-hee . . ."

A knock, and a pimply-faced youth stuck his head around the door.

"Phone for you, Your Honor. It's a Mr. Von Tanneck. Says it's very special."

"Oh, thanks. Excuse me a minute. I'll just take this call out here . . ."

"Hello, Fritz! When did you blow in?"

"Congratulations, Mr. Mayor. Gee, Harrie, it's great. Fine work. I hear it's a Republican clean-up all over town."

"Well, we seem to have lost the county and

they've got a few aldermen still. But I guess we ought to leave the Democrats *something*, just to keep 'em in practice, eh? Ah-ha-ha-ha. By the way, did you see what happened to good old Dearsie? Dearsie Dorsey?"

"Oh, that big nance! I didn't even know he was sick."

"No, this City Manager amendment he was behind. Only pulled 7,500 votes or so. I feel kind of sorry for poor old Dearsie. He was so wrapped up in it, I honestly wish he'd made a better showing. Dearsie's really not a bad guy when you know him. Well—thanks awfully for calling up, Fritz. How long you here for?"

"For the week, I guess. Uh, listen, Harrie, you know 'The Frillies' opened here last night and I'm, uh, sort of interested in the show and following it around until it gets whipped into shape for Broadway. You know."

"Sure, Fritz. I know."

"Well, listen, Harrie, I wonder if you'd care to drop up to the Schlitz? I'm throwing a little party, just a couple of the gals——"

"Oh, God, Fritz, I can't now. Look at the spot I'm in. I've got to turn square——"

"Just a minute!"

"Hewo, Hawie!"

"Oh, hello! And who may this be?"

"I'se 'oo fwend. Wants 'oo tum over and pway wif' me?"

"Gee, I'm awfully sorry, but I don't think I can tonight. I don't really see how I can possibly make it. But, well, uh, let's see now, what time is it?"

"Oo, iss erwy, erwy, not wate."

"Well, I might come over for a few minutes, at that, just to say, hello."

"Ooo, dass nice. Don't be 'cared. I'se bwonde wiff turls."

"Why, uh, that's perfectly splendid. Let me talk to Fritz again, will you?"

"Hello, Harrie. That's Jessica Dolbee, our boop singer. I'm about ready to boop her one in the schnozzle, myself. Bring a cleaver along and we'll choose up for a torso mystery."

"Wuh, Fritz, uh, you know I'm a sucker for a straight boop. Ah-ha-hah-hah. Listen, uh, I think maybe I will drop over for just a little while. Just to have a little visit with you. That is if you promise to forgive me if I duck early."



“Oh, swell, Harrie. It’s suite A, 26th floor. It’s grand you can come. I’ll be seein’ you.”

Satchells stuck his head around the bathroom door.

“Gents, if you’ll forgive me, I think I’ll go get some sleep. Good night and God bless you.”

---

# 24

---

THE MAYOR went home shortly after midnight. On the billowy bosom of Mrs. Holtsapple he wept, wept unashamedly.

“Oh, mamma, they jobbed me,” he said over and over. “They jobbed me, jobbed me, mamma, jobbed me, jobbed me. Mamma, they jobbed me.”

THE LAST PIECE OF COPY for the late city edition of the *Malta Morning Mail* had just gone down the chute to the composing room. Dirty, charred around the eyesockets and a little drunk, George Oates lifted his eyeshade, looked up and saw Phillip Dorsey standing beside his chair.

"Hello, sweetheart. What do you think of the way things went? All my condolences."

"Thanks. We *didn't* do as well as I'd hoped, but it's merely a matter of education, and education takes time. I'm glad that drunken windbag, Holtsapple, is out, anyway."

"Say, what the hell kind of a switcheroo did they pull on him up there, for God's sake?"

"I don't know, but the only votes cast on the

whole island were by the Spanish and the Portuguese and they voted for Satchells. And speaking of Satchells, I certainly hope he's going to settle down now and attend to business."

"Oh, he will, he will. Harrie'll make us a good mayor. I hope. He'll photograph better than Holtsapple, anyway. Well, it had to come some time. I guess this was still some of that last year's Hoover ground swell, switcheroo or no switcheroo."

"That *was* wonderful. Wonderful," Dorsey said. "I mean getting an engineer into the White House. I think it's one of the greatest steps forward this country's ever taken. An engineer! A man who understands management and efficiency! That's what we need in politics—science, not the old, obsolete rule-of-thumb methods, but engineering. The people had sense enough to realize that, anyway."

"Oh, yeah?"

ON THE TOP FLOOR of the Onweata Building, a dingy, four-story, brownstone holdover from the late '90's, Charlie McQuilty had his offices. "Malta Service Co., Inc." was the inscription on the ground glass door panel. Besides a few pieces of rachitic furniture, the Malta Service Co., Inc.'s equipment consisted almost entirely of cards, ruled cards, the kind of cards prospective Ph.D.'s use to cross-index Floral References in the Canon of the Lake Poets. There were scores of little grained-oak boxes full of these cards all about McQuilty's offices. His pockets were filled with cards, no matter what suit he was wearing, and he seemed always to be shuffling and fussing with them, no matter what he was

ostensibly engaged in at the moment. This was not merely a nervous habit, like fingering the face or jingling keys: each of these cards contained the name, address, telephone number, sponsor and talents of some person who either had or wanted a job, and by job was meant either a position in public life or a commercial dealing with a public body. No matter how hard McQuilty strove there were always more cards than jobs, but his life was dedicated to trying. And it was still trying the Mayor found him when he whisked open the door and stepped into the room a week after the election. McQuilty looked in alarm at the beaming face and without rising took the outstretched hand as though its palm were spread with itch powder.

"Charlie, my boy, just thought I'd s'prise you," the Mayor roared. "Just thought I'd pay my respects."

He sat down on a corner of the desk and offered his opened cigar case.

"Smoke? You ought to learn, Charlie, my boy, you ought to take up smoking if you're gonna run this Greater City for the next four years. Yes, sir, you ought to smoke cigars. What are those



fellows that make the pictures in the papers gonna do if you don't smoke cigars? They can't make a picture of a boss without he smokes a cigar, Charlie, my boy, and I can tell you right now your picture's gonna be in the paper an awful lotta times the next four years. You're the boss, Charlie, my boy, and you'll have to take it. Yes, sir, you'll have to take it in more ways than one, 'cause you sure are the boss. Ha, ha, ha."

The Mayor slapped him so hard across his skinny shoulders that a handful of the cards fell to the floor.

"But that wasn't what I come to see you about, Charlie, my boy. What I come to see you about was I just wanted to drop in and pay my respects. I tried to see Harrie, but I couldn't find him, so I figured I'd come to the fountain head and pay my respects to you and you could convey 'em to him."

"First of all, I want to say there's no hard feelings about the election, no squawks. That was certainly a mighty clever little stunt you boys pulled up in Sicily; yes, sir, mighty clever, and you deserved to win. Just outsmarted me, that's what you did, just outsmarted me. But it's all

over and done with now, so no squawks, no hard feelings. And I'm here to say that I wish you all the luck in the world, I honest to God do. Harrie's a fine boy, and he's gonna make this Greater City a wonderful mayor. I know that as much as you do. And I'm gonna tell the people so when he's sworn in, tell 'em all myself. Just to show the whole world there's no hard feelings I'll be there myself and tell 'em all in person."

"That'll be nice," said McQuilty with extreme dyspepsia.

"Yes, sir, Charlie, my boy, I'll be there myself to turn the reins over to Harrie in person and sing my own swan song. What the hell, it's only right, and it's time I was quitting anyway, after thirty years. I like to see fine young fellows get ahead and Harrie's certainly a fine young fellow. Yes, sir, Charlie, my boy, I'm through, through with public life, forever."

"Goin' back to the law?"

"Well, yes and no, Charlie, my boy, yes and no. In a way it's back to the law and then again it ain't exactly back to the law. I might as well tell you about it now I'm here, seeing as how you're gonna be associated with us——"

"!"

"Yes, Charlie, my boy, I might as well tell you, we're letting you in on the ground floor. Here's our card."

The Mayor handed him a business card with "Contracts Contacts Corporation" printed on it and down in the right hand corner: "John Norris (Jolly John) Holtsapple."

McQuilty gave a hollow laugh.

"Not interested," he said. "I got enough cards already."

"Oh, yes, Charlie, my boy, you're interested, plenty interested. You're interested forty per cent."

"What are you, crazy?"

"Not crazy at all, Charlie, my boy, not crazy at all. I'm a man of vision, if you only knew it. But men of vision never did get a break in this world, only laughs like you're giving me now. They laughed at Shakespeare, they laughed at Fulton, they laughed at that sewing machine guy, they laughed at Edison. And now you're laughing at me."

"I certainly am," came through McQuilty's gritted store teeth.

"But what happened? Did Shakespeare and Edison and Fulton and the sewing machine guy listen? Not them. They went right ahead and figured the angles and did their stuff, just as I'm gonna do mine. Only instead of laughing at you, I'm gonna cut you in on one of the sweetest, juiciest, prettiest little mushmelons you ever tasted."

"Say, what the hell are you——"

"Just this. Did you ever figure the Greater City of Malta's run on a budget?"

"I certainly did."

"All right. The budget for next year's \$689,743,207.19, ain't it? Right. The estimates for each department was all drawn up by the department heads before August, wasn't they? Right. Then they was presented as a tentative budget on October 10th, wasn't they? Right. And the Board of Estimate passed the budget on October 31st, didn't it? Right. But where is it now? It's with the Board of Aldermen now, ain't it? Correct. And it don't come out till the 20th, does it? Correct. And then who's got to sign it before Christmas? Me. I got to sign it, I, John Norris Holtsapple, Mayor of the Greater City of Malta

until midnight, December 31, 1929. Do you begin to ketch on?"

"Why that's a lousy swindle! The Board of Aldermen ain't never laid a finger on the budget in their life!"

"Correct. But that ain't any sign they can't, is it? They're empowered by the law, ain't they? You know, Charlie, my boy, I think I know thirty-five fine up-standing members of that body, that Board of Aldermen, that might very easy get the idea that quite a good deal of that budget's pure wasted, pure wasted. Yes, I think they might get the idea very easy. And what about me? My conscience might tell me there's too much of the people's money getting poured down the sink. Yes, I think my conscience might bother me plenty. Plenty."

"Why, you can't do a thing like that! It's robbery! The ever increasing needs of the people——"

"Aw, for Gawd's sake. Do I look like I just drove in a loada hay? Looka here, Charlie McQuilty, you play ball with me, and no yentzing, neither, or by Gawd I'll louse up that budget so's you won't be able to meet a payroll for the next



four years. I'll fix it so's your whole mob'll run out on you by February. Just think that over."

McQuilty did, for a long time.

"Well, what do you want?" he said finally.

"Nothing, Charlie, my boy, nothing, nothing but the privilege of doing you one of the sweetest favors that anybody ever done you. I'm starting up this little business venture, this Contracts Contacts Corporation with Doc Hinchman and Mike Raffigan and Orv Loftus as junior partners. We'll start in a small way at first. Of course, there'll be the county, but natcherly we want to get some city practice, too. We-e-el, we talked it over last night and thought it would be kinda nice if you took forty per cent of the stock."

"Forty per cent of the stock!"

"Keep that old shirt on, Charlie, my boy, keep that old shirt on. It ain't gonna cost you one penny. We're *giving* you the stock. All you do is sign the payroll, as the doughboys used to say in the war, but you *do* get a goddam cent, in this deal, you do, Charlie, my boy, plenty of 'em. There's millions in it and there's no reason why we should cut each other's throat. This crash didn't mean anything—your own Big Guy in



Washington said so, didn't he? This country's sound as a dollar and getting sounder alla time.

"Now listen, Charlie, my boy, here's the picture: We got the county; you got the city. We take sixty per cent of the county and give you forty per cent of it. You take sixty per cent of the city and give us forty per cent. Then——"

"Why, that's a goddam swindle!"

"Keep that old shirt on, Charlie, my boy, wait till you get the picture. I don't mean 'take the city, take the county' like you mean. I mean this is all gonna be done in a business way, and not no cross-roads grocery store. When I say 'take' I mean here we are contacting our contracts. After a contract gets all contacted, say it's a county contract, why, we cut you in forty per cent of the gross. Now you been running this grand old county for fourteen, fifteen years and you natcherly know all the angles better'n us. So natcherly we'd be wanting to consult you from time to time. And we been running this Greater City for sixteen years now and natcherly we know all the angles better'n you. So natcherly you'd be wanting to consult *us* every once in a while. See what I mean? Consulting, you know Charlie, my boy,

consulting, contracting, contacting alla time. Now, ain't that real, honest-to-goodness common sense, Charlie, my boy, ain't it? Ain't it, Charlie, my boy? Ain't it? Sure it is, and you know it and I know it and we all know it."

PHILLIP DORSEY started the New Year by making a joke. Making a joke was such a rare performance for Phillip Dorsey that he repeated it to himself several times and decided he must tell it to Hattie when he got home, it was so apposite to the occasion. The joke was: a new broom sweeps dirty.

The joke came as he stood shivering in front of the City Hall and waited for Harrie Satchells to take the oath of office on the top step. He looked at the Republican phalanx massed there above the citizenry on the pavement: the district leaders soon to be gazetted Commissioners of This and Directors of That; the ward chairmen who would be their deputies; the precinct captains in

line for sergeants' stripes in the Department of Street Cleaning or the Bureau of Hack Licenses; the ambitious young attorneys headed for the Magistrates' Courts or the Office of the Corporation Counsel—all waiting for the new field marshal to take up his baton, his broom, his new dirty-sweeper.

Physically, Phillip Dorsey decided, city politicians could be divided into a few easily classifiable types. First, of course, the big roomy men with red necks, dewlaps and fat even in their noses. These were the district leaders, the commissioners: Holtsapple, himself, belonged to this category. They always smoked fat cigars and showed high blood pressure after mirth or anger. Then there were the skinny, hollow-cheeked, caterpillar-moustached men, some tall, some short, who wore hard hats, diamonds and often suits of a mild check. Their shoes were always highly polished and they smoked stogies (if at all) and said little. McQuilty was a splendid specimen. Very plentiful among the younger men was the open-faced, Roman Catholic lad, schooled by the Jesuits or the Christian Brothers, a winner of prizes in logic and jurisprudence, serious and ogreishly ambi-

tious. As a Princeton Calvinist Dorsey disapproved and was tremendously suspicious of this type. Then there was the barrel-chested, round-skulled, block-pompadoured fellow in his early thirties, generally a night-school lawyer, always handy around the neighborhood district club whenever the leader wanted a job done. He had gold front teeth, wore coats with high waist-lines and was a prime mover in the affairs of the Burpee Street Boys' Association. And finally there was the Jew, the little, plump Jew with black curly hair, who stood with his hands behind his back, his head tilted to one side, smiling, smiling as though he were being tickled.

Dorsey picked out half a dozen of these smilers in the phalanx above him. What the devil was there to smile at? Everybody was smiling. Why? All those men up there were a class apart, united in a common purpose. The freemasonry of freebootery. Nice phrase, the freemasonry of freebootery. Have to try it next time on the Civic Association. The freemasonry of freebootery. Yes, a class apart.

Politicians are not like the rest of humanity, Dorsey reflected, not like us. As voters, yes, as

taxpayers, no. A politician looks on us as voters, but that we have to work and sweat and get the money to pay the taxes, no. To him a taxpayer is not a flesh-and-blood mammal. No, to him "taxpayer" is always spelled with a capital "T," to him a taxpayer is fifth cousin to the Man from Mars. No, politicians don't think the same, don't feel the same. They are not like us. Not like us.

The phalanx began to cheer, and as the Mayor and Harrie Satchells stepped arm-in-arm into the speakers' booth that had been built on the steps the massed bands of the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments ripped into "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and the crowd screamed for twenty minutes. Satchells stood there pumping the Mayor's paw up and down and smiling delightedly at him. But his eyes were full of consternation, for the fat-flaps protruded like popovers.

*What a bundle! Geez, what a bundle! What a cargo!*

The crowd was making such a noise that Satchells thought it safe to put his lips up to the Mayor's right ear and shout:



"John. JOHN! Dear God, man, are you O.K.?"

Then still smiling delightedly, he put his left ear to the Mayor's lips, but all he could make out was a walrus rumbling. The Mayor's eyes were nearly shut. Their pupils were indiscernible. Satchells tried again.

"John! Get a grip on yourself, for God's sake, will you? You speak first."

The Mayor made an effort terrible to behold. Finally he said:

"O.K., Orv. O.K, now, m'O.K.'S these tight shoes, Orv, these here goddam tight shoes."

The demonstration died away at last. The Mayor lurched a pace forward and only by desperately seizing a microphone rod in each hand did he escape shooting out of the box and into the crowd.

"Frez!" was what some in the front rows were able to catch, "here . . . mrrump, zizzz . . . mmmmm . . . todayee . . . wanna thank EVERY-BO'Y . . . zizzzzz . . . mmmmmurrrump! . . . this here Grea'er . . . zizzz . . . mmm . . . foah moah yeez of these here goddam tight shoes, frez . . . mmmmmurrrump! . . . oh, mamma, they

job' me, mamma, they job' me, mamma, I was job' . . . mmm . . . zizzz . . ."

With a thunderous BAM the Mayor sat down, stiff-legged, taking the microphones with him. Tenderly they picked him up and led him away.

Satchells stepped forward.

"Our good friend had a sudden attack of illness. I'm sure I express the feelings of all of us here when we say that we extend our sympathy and hope for his immediate recovery."

There was half a minute's dignified applause. City Clerk Abe Walters advanced with his Bible and mumbled the oath of office. With his left hand on the book and his right raised on high, Satchells waited until he had finished and then said very seriously:

"I do, so help me God."

Flashlights boomed and the crowd went crazy.

"I will, I will. I'll be the best goddam mayor this goddam town ever had," he said to himself and tried not to cry.

McQuilty smiled from the front row of the phalanx.

"Well, we're at the feedbox now," he said to himself and tried not to laugh.

Dorsey stamped one foot and then the other.

"Not like us. A new broom sweeps dirty. The freemasonry of freebootery," he thought and tried not to spit.

The massed bands of the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments ripped into "We Can't Give You Anything but Votes, Harrie" and the Mayor turned to embrace his daughter, Florence.

THE MAYOR was on a week's cruise through Chesapeake Bay as guest of honor on the yacht of Eddie Schnullbarger, the bus magnate, so the news of the death of Deputy Commissioner Rose Brix, Head of the Bureau of Crime Prevention, did not come to him until he landed back in Malta on Wednesday. There was a radio on board the yacht, and the Mayor might have listened in on the *Malta Morning Mail's* "News Flash Half Hour" and heard Deputy Commissioner Brix's taking-off elaborately described. But as Jessica Dolbee (somehow she had not opened on Broadway with "The Frillies") stood on tables and favored with un-requested boop numbers most of the trip, the radio was used very little.

The pony got Deputy Commissioner Brix, got her during a game of water polo among the lily pads, apparently, for her body was found on the edge of Washington Park Lake. Leonard Traubel, a climber and pruner to the Department of Parks (\$2,500 a year) found the body. At first, the Homicide Squad was interested in just what climbing and pruning had been going on at 5:30 A.M.; but the subject was dropped when it was discovered that Traubel was a bail bondsman and a nephew of McQuilty's. Exactly as in the Gozo killing, the mark of a pony's shoe encased the left eye of the victim. Dr. Herman Watchmaster, Chief Medical Examiner (\$10,000 a year and McQuilty's brother-in-law) declared that the body had been in the water approximately ten hours. Death had been caused by drowning preceded by skull fracture.

The police found a real clue this time, for there had been a few ponies in Washington Park since the '90's which children rode over the Mall for ten cents a quarter hour. A cordon was thrown (by that confirmed cordon-thrower, Inspector Gerald W. Dooley) around the pony pens and Serge Putnik, a Croat who held the pony con-

cession, was arrested and taken to Police Headquarters for investigation. The killing of one of their own always rouses the police like no other crime, and Putnik was intensively investigated. Lieutenant Hannah McMurtraw kicked him in the stomach more often than any other investigator.

"Kill my chief, hey?" she kept screaming during the investigation. "So you won't talk? A Croat, hey? I'll give you Croats!"

BAM!

At the end of two days Putnik signed a confession in which he admitted causing a trick burro in his stable to kick Deputy Commissioner Brix. According to the signed confession, she was bending over inspecting the burro's off hind hoof when he jabbed a pin in the burro's flank and made it kick. Under cover of darkness he threw the body into the lake. The motive for the crime was Deputy Commissioner Brix's threat to have him jailed and his concession taken away for cruelty to animals.

The confession was given to the press by the new Police Commissioner, Harold F. Hobelman (a plumbing supply dealer by profession) with



the jubilant promise of a solution of the Gozo killing within another twenty-four hours.

Thereupon the case collapsed and so fast that the Office of the District Attorney refused even to take the prisoner before a magistrate for arraignment. In the first place, Putnik had been at home in bed with lumbago thirty-six hours before and twelve hours after the crime and there were seventeen witnesses to prove it. In the second place, there was no burro in the Washington Park pony corral. In the third place, none of the ponies had ever been shod, and the mark encasing the deceased's eye incontrovertibly had been made by a shoe. In the fourth place, Putnik was not the pony concessionaire at all, but the popcorn fritter concessionaire, who had just happened to be standing near the pony pen when the cordon was thrown. And finally, Putnik had paid the Greater City of Malta \$25,000 for his popcorn fritter concession, so what the hell?

The adverse publicity given the ponies ruined the pony business throughout the Greater City's public park system. Malta's mothers would as soon have let their children mount king cobras. It didn't matter much, anyway, as most of these

public park ponies died of pneumonia after Dr. Watchmaster ordered them all led into lakes by the cursing police. He wanted to see if a pony's legs under water could kick with any real force. Some could and some couldn't, he decided. It cost the Greater City \$8,600.

Lieutenant McMurtraw never got over her hatred of ponies. She used to kick them in the crupper whenever she saw them.

"Rrrah! I hate a lousy pony," she used to say as she delivered her crupper kicks. "Get that lousy little skin outa here before I lock you both up."

All of this the Mayor missed as he sat on Eddie Schnullbarger's yacht with his arms around a certain party and said low and fast: "Jessica Dolbee, Dossica Jelbee, Dessica Jolbee, Jossica Delbee, Jessica, Jessica, Jessica, Jessica, Jessica——"

MIKE RAFFIGAN stood on the splintery platform outside the administration office at Muswell's Island and shouted to the foreman who was sitting beside the driver of the bell-weather truck. In any direction you looked rose the mountains, most of them volcanoes. For Muswell's Island was the city dump, the dump of the Greater City of Malta, a municipal mountain range that grew instead of eroding with the years and had burned for nearly half a century, smoking like the marl of hell. The mountains were of ashes, used grapefruit, busted hobby horses, old hats, swill and the physical nonsense known as "rubbish" that consists of crumpled paper, lint, fluff, waste, shards, broken buttons, swirls of string, jagged glass, chicken bones and heel cakes of mud.

The dust choked Mike, and the smell reminded him of the old days Back of the Yards. He had to shout above the roar of the truck and the roars of the trucks behind it, the dun-colored trucks that ran back down the road out of sight.

"All right, now," Mike was shouting.

"Shoo, buss, I know," the foreman, Joe Spivac, said placidly.

"All right. Two hunnad an' sixty-two loads. Now you go down to Holtsapple Square. You ketchum, Holtsapple Square?"

"Shoo, buss, I know."

"All right. Holtsapple Square, right next to County Building—you ketchum County Building?"

"Shoo, buss, I know."

"All right. By County Building you find big hole. You dump cinders in hole. You ketchum?"

Mike demonstrated dumping cinders in a hole by poking downwards with his right forefinger.

"Shoo, buss, I know."

"All right. When you're all unloaded, come back and get more till they tell you to lay off. You ketchum?"

"Shoo, buss, I know."

"All right. Scram."

"Shoo, buss, I know."

The driver threw out his clutch, slipped the gear shift into low, let in his clutch and the truck started slowly down the road. Carefully Mike counted them as they rolled past.

"Two hunnad *an'* sixty-two," he said to Orville Loftus, who had been leaning against the building with his hat over his eyes and his hands in his pockets. "Two hunnad *an'* sixty-two. Some parade! Reminds me of a pitcher I seen once, a war pitcher. What was the name of that now?"

"Wasn't 'Nanook of the North' was it, with Pola Bara?"

"Noooh, 'Nanook'? Noooh. No, that wasn't the name. Let's see now, what *was* it? They was a big parade of trucks in it just like this here, only they wasn't cinders in 'em, they was soldiers. Let's see now——"

BY JULY, 1930, one of the Democratic dailies was referring to him editorially as "Our Peacock Mayor," while another spoke of his efforts as "Our Harvard Classics or Five Foot Shelf City Administration" which devoted but "Fifteen Minutes a Day to the People's Business." But this was unjust, unfair. No Mayor Malta ever had worked harder for the Greater City of Malta.

Almost as soon as he was installed he became Malta's Own, Malta's Prince of Wales, Our Harrie. Everybody loved him, the Nice People, the Great Middle Class, the Lower Orders, everybody. At Union League dinners some old lambrequins was always coming up to wheeze: "My boy, I knew your grandfather, heh-heh-heh"; and at



Junior League luncheons some young piece of goods was always cooing: "Mr. Mayor, I know your daughter." Chambers of Commerce (and throughout the Greater City there were dozens of different kinds), merchants' organizations, neighborhood associations, business men's clubs of every variety strove for the honor of his presence at their tables.

"A mighty fine, sensible fellow with both feet on the ground," was one of the things they said to each other about him.

And to the Man in the Gutter and the Woman on the Stoop he was that fine flower of democracy, "a right guy." Cable splicers, beef luggers and truck drivers were always repeating to their wives some garbled message they had spelled out in that afternoon's tabloid as conversation they had had with him in person.

"Listen, I seen Harrie Satchells this mornin', and he says to me——"

"Harrie Satchells! You mean the Mayor?"

"Sure I mean the Mayor. Harrie Satchells, he tells me——"

"You know the Mayor? Harrie Satchells, the Mayor?"

“Do I know the Mayor? Who, Harrie Satchells? Why, Harrie’s me pal. Sure I knowum. Listen, he says to me, Harrie says, ‘Mike,’ he says——”

And they really did think they knew him, they really did. They honestly and sincerely believed he was their pal. And in a way he was. It was that astounding faculty he had for getting *to* people right off. Some men, a few men, are that way with nearly all women, but it’s even rarer you find a man who can set other men besides nearly all women on fire. The Mayor was one of those rarities.

Getting to people and setting them on fire became his life. It grew into a game he played with himself to see how fast he could ignite any given collection of them. Within a year he had come to regard the feelings of a group of his fellow mortals as a pyromaniac looks on the wooden rafters of an orphan asylum. By the end of the second year he was a torch murderer of the human emotions. Sometimes, as when he attended a fight or a hockey match or a race meeting or dropped in at a night club, all he had to do was to stand up in his box or rise at his ringside table and flip his

hand in greeting at the crowd. On other occasions, if he were riding in an open car and felt so moved, he would lean out and salute exaggeratedly and yell: "Hahya!" at some bridge tender or bus conductor or little clerk standing on a corner with his girl. Especially the little men whose pants made them look as though they were crouched for a mighty jump upwards and away from the girls they were standing with. "Hahya!" he would yell right in their faces, leaning out and saluting. That'll make their day for 'em, he would tell himself, that'll fix 'em up with their tootses all right. He always felt better after these little gestures, and now and then, when low, he would order a car and go out merely on one of these saluting expeditions.

But all this was too easy, hardly counted. What counted was when he would set fire to some seemingly fire-proof collection of hearers, say the Dames of Antient Malta, a group of ultra, ultra, ultra old ladies. Malta was founded in 1649 when a little band of Maltese fishermen, farmers and fugitives from justice sailed into the harbor and purchased the land the Greater City was to rise on from the Indians for the usual beads and hand

mirrors and then squatted on it. The Dames of Antient Malta were the descendants of this little band of fishermen, farmers and fugitives from justice, or had established themselves as such, and their crustiness had grown with the years. Did the Mayor set them on fire? He did, and as easily as though they had been the South Side Turnverein and his subject Beer.

When the Mayor spoke before any gathering, almost any gathering whatsoever, he generally gave it the At-Last-Here's-One-of-Us-At-the-Helm approach, and this approach, although he varied it infinitely and subtly, was the most efficient of all his oratorical flame-throwers. First everybody would laugh and get warm and feel fine, and the next thing everybody was all choky. And when it was over, if it were women they would be screaming and waving things or if there were flowers on the tables they would be throwing them; and if it were men they would be standing up and bellowing and punching at the sky with their fists and feeling they could walk up and smack a police inspector right across the puss. A funny thing was that when you read these speeches in the papers the next day they weren't

so hot, seldom more than lukewarm, in fact. Everybody in the country had heard about Harrie Satchells before he had been in office a year, and out-of-town visitors to Malta were all crazy for a sight of him. Many of them had read his speeches, as sent out in part by the news services, and wondered how there could be so much talk about a man who didn't sound so extra special on paper. But after they heard him and saw him in action, they knew different, as Al Smith used to say over the radio back in 1928, they knew different. He set them on fire, too. Generally he gutted them.

Take, for example, the gutting of the Dames of Antient Malta. It began:

"My friends, it's fine to be here today and to meet people like yourselves. I spend most of my time hobnobbing with, shall we say, all sorts and conditions of men, ah-ha-ha-ha, and an occasion like this—well, it's rather like coming out of the trenches after a heavy bombardment, ah-ha-ha-ha. Not that my colleagues, every single one of them, aren't the best fellows in the world, but not many of them, I'm afraid, would understand what a gathering like this was all about.

" 'Silk stockings,' I'm afraid they'd say, and



shake their heads and go on about their duties. Only the other day one came up to me and said, 'Harrie' (of course they all call me Harrie. I'm afraid it's my lack of official dignity, ah-ha-ha-ha) 'Harrie,' this colleague of mine said (he was an office boy) 'Harrie, I just can't figure you out. You're a silk stockin' and yet you're a regular guy!' Ah-ha-ha-ha . . ."

Some more of this for awhile, and then that far-away look came over his face: "But seriously, my friends, it's a great honor to be here with you today, and it's a great opportunity to try to convey to you what a hard, hard job it is I am making an attempt to fill. Sometimes I scarcely dare think about it myself, it's such a terrifying thing, being head of a great city like this. I really don't dare let myself analyze my job too much or I'd probably go out of my mind. The only thing I can do is to plunge in and try my best. Whether I'm to be a success or a failure is for the future to decide, but one thing I'll promise here and now—although I've done the very best that's in me so far, I'll always be trying to do better . . ."

He went on like this until the match caught the paper and the paper caught the kindling and



the kindling caught the logs and burned them through the bark. Finally, it came time to throw on the benzine:

“And, please, my friends, please don’t think that I’m just another politician trying to cadge your votes. Whatever you may think of me, I beg of you not to think that. When I say I love this great city of ours I want you to believe me. And I want you to believe me when I say that I love not only this great city but all its great citizenry. A part of this great citizenry is this society, the Dames of Antient Malta. For generations you have kept the memory of our forefathers fresh and green. And this has been a fine thing, a wonderful thing. But let me urge you to think not only of the past but also of the present and of the future, too. Our city’s present and its future depend on the good will and co-operation of the whole of its citizenry. People like yourselves . . .”

No notes, no hesitation, no finger-shaking, no table-pounding. Just beautiful, sleepy smoothness and a fine double-charged voice. Not exactly inflammatory in type you would say and you would be right. But when he bowed gently and sat down, the Dames of Antient Malta threw up their ear trumpets.

ANY METROPOLITAN MAYOR who fails to give his constituents one Big Splash a year may be said to suffer from political halitosis. A Big Splash is some deed, action, program or accomplishment he identifies himself with that will stick in the public memory for a twelvemonth, by which time another Big Splash may be thought up and engineered. The Mayor's Big Splash for his first year of office was the reception to King Barel of Moldavia. Big Splash for 1931 was the settlement of the traction strike.

A detailed description of Malta's transit situation would be nearly as hard for the non-specialist to understand as a paper on astral physics; but the rough idea was Save the Five Cent Fare. It really

cost the average Maltese a good deal more than a nickel to ride on the subway or the elevated or the surface lines, for the Greater City of Malta pumped millions and millions into the operating expenses of the Malta Rapid Transit Corporation, which were all duly totted up in the average Maltese's tax bill. But the convenience of not having to scrabble in purse or pants pocket for a lot of odd pennies whenever a ride in a common carrier was required appealed to everybody. So when the Transit Workers Brotherhood, a newly organized body not affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, demanded an increase in pay and a reduction of the working day from ten to eight hours and of the working week from seven to six days, the Malta Rapid Transit Corporation refused these demands. The Brotherhood threatened to walk out on strike at midnight, July 3d. The Corporation refused again and howled in the press that the demands of the Brotherhood constituted arrant highway robbery, nothing else, and to grant them would necessitate an abandonment of the Five Cent Fare.

Facing each other from either side of a long mahogany table, Capital and Labor were grap-

pling in another of their conventional deadlocks. At the table's head sat the Mayor.

Yes, he reflected, the old deadlock. He looked at his watch. Exactly 11:27 P.M. July 2. Pretty near nine hours now they'd been parked here on their big fat boowhinkles. And a woman waits for me. Strike midnight tomorrow. Funny how much the torchbearers of Capital and Labor were getting to look like each other. Nackles over there looked like the vice president of a suburban bank, while old Mr. Keans on this side might very well be a retired track-walker. You could switch all the Capitals over to the Labor side of the table and the Labors over to the Capital side and nobody'd know the difference. Arrest 'em all and put 'em in a row at a police line-up and you couldn't pick out which was which to save your life. Physiognomy was a lot of crap, the Mayor decided. He also decided he was getting sick of looking at men's faces. What a lot of dreary pans, and all alike as so many ballbearings.

"Prrrrrooo."

From the lower right pocket of his vest he drew a little metal object and spun it on to the table with a sharp twitch of his thumb and forefinger.

The little metal object hopped down the mahogany catching the light on its twirling silver sides until it halted between Nackles and old Mr. Keans and then fell over.

"Well, I'll be goddamned if it ain't a put-and-take top!" said Nackles, taking it up in amazement. "Why, Harrie, I ain't seen one of these here little things in it must be ten years now."

He spun it on the table. Old Mr. Keans took his cigar out of his mouth and the glaze began to leave his eyes as he watched. The other torch-bearers all bent forward and unclamped their cigars.

The strike was over. And the Big Splash for 1931 was over, too.

AT 10 A.M. JOHN HOLTSAAPPLE arrived at the offices of the Contracts Contacts Corporation, which occupied most of the sixty-eighth floor of the new Malta Trust Building. On the way to his own rosewood retreat he gave every female employee he could reach a chub and a basso: "*Good morning!*" The dealing of these chubs had become such a regular procedure that when female employees encountered him they calmly held their cheeks in readiness until they had been pinched and then went ahead and transacted their business just as though nothing had happened. Such a matter of office routine had this chubbing grown to be that they no longer even watched each other getting chubbed, much less squealed out. Miss



Katzenbach of the Mailing Department voiced the opinion of all when she said:

"Well, it is kinda silly, but it's not hardly a thing that would get a girl into trouble. And it's certai'ly better than what *some* of the men you work for do to you. Hones'ly, *more* men don't have no co'sideration for a girl! My dear, a lawyer I worked for in Dorking one time——"

These cheek-tweakings were indeed innocent, mere symbols of the Holtsapple good will these days towards the entire solar system, sheer overflowing of the contactile spirit.

"*Good morning!*"

His secretary, Miss Ripley, waiting in the rose-wood retreat, received a double chub. She did not miss a beat.

"Morning, Mr. Holtsapple; we certainly have a big day ahead of us. There are eleven people waiting to be contacted already, and those specifications on the Tiber life preservers you've got to settle this morning. Then I've got about thirty letters for you to sign so's we can get them off the first thing, and——"

"Fine, fine. Bring 'em on. Contacting! I *love* it. You better start to route those critters in the

waiting room right through. Any of 'em amount to anything?"

"Well, there's Mr. Ver Planck of the Ver Planck Nut and Bolt."

"Ver Planck, hey? Well, let's contact him first, let's contact Mr. Ver Planck right off. We'll make him walk Ver Planck. Ha, ha, ha. Hey, Miss Ripley, we'll make him walk it."

He poured himself a shot of rye from the tantalus concealed in the early American sideboard, tossed it off and inserted a clove. Then he roared into the Deskavox, a microphone disguised as a set of "Messages and Papers of the Presidents" that could be connected with all parts of the office by moving various buttons on its surface.

"Walk in Mr. Ver Planck."

By 10:30 Mr. Ver Planck had been shaken hands with, assured "Mr. Ver Planck, Ver Planck Nuts and Bolts are on everything this grand old county's putting up," and bowed out. Again he roared into the Deskavox.

"Who's the next chump?"

"Mrs. George French Humbleton."

The George French Humbletons were Society. Big place on Shore Drive.

"Mrs. Humbleton, hey? Well, send her in and we'll humble her. Ha, ha, ha."

Jolly John, indeed, thought Miss Ripley, and wondered if a chub would be bestowed. Looking at Mrs. Humbleton's kiln-baked cheeks she somehow doubted it.

At 11 Mrs. Humbleton left the rosewood retreat telling him she thought he was "fraytfulleh nayce," and he was telling her: "Mrs. Humbleton, I'll look after everything in good shape. Just you leave it to me and don't give it another thought."

"Send in Mr. Raffigan."

'Another double shot and two cloves.

"Ah, Mike. Siddown. Did you see that dame that just left here? Well, that was Mrs. George French Humbleton. Pheeeeew! Any more like that and we'll have to lay in a case of lady fingers. You shoulda got a load of her shaking hands. Like one of them guinies saluting Mussolini. Well, guess what she wants? She wants a braydul pawth."

"A braydul pawth? Never heard of it. What the Christ is a braydul pawth?"

Holtsapple's voice took on the mimping enunciation he considered typical of Society speech.

“Eeuh, yays, may hahsben and ay and ouah fraynds wandahed if you, Meestah Hultsepple, cawn’t feex ahs ahp with a braydul pawth. Pheew! Well, a braydul pawth is Ritz for bridle path, you know, horses, and they want it in Drive Park. They don’t seem to get no action out of the Department of Parks. And of course I told her sure, nothing easier. So it looks like another job for your cinders. Where are they now, by the way?”

Mike consulted a pocket note book.

“The cinders. God, them cinders is about wore out. It’s gettin’ on two years they been goin’ the rounds now. Hmm. Well, let’s see now, John. Them cinders. Hmm. Well, I guess about now they’d be goin’ in the Stitchleigh subway——”

“The subway! Why, that can’t be right. What are they putting ’em in the subway for?”

“For foundations, wasn’t it?”

“Foundations? Why, you can’t use cinders for no subway foundations. The whole goddam thing’ll cave in and kill everybody. You got to have concrete in those foundations, Mike, concrete. Just stop on your way downtown and contact the Transit Commission and tell ’em I said so, will you? Why, those engineers must be

crazy. Cinders for foundations! Why, some time they'll get a big crowd on one of them trains on the way to a double-header and the whole thing'll crumple and then where'll they be? No, Mike, you tell 'em at the Transit Commission there must be some mistake. Tell 'em to check over them specifications and see if it wasn't concrete they meant, not cinders."

"Sure I will, John. Concrete, not cinders, concrete. Sure, concrete."

"And then slide over to Stitchleigh and contact them cinders outa that subway and get 'em started up to Drive Park. Dump 'em by the bandstand, and when you get that done I'll tell you where we want 'em then. We ain't picked out exactly a place for this braydul pawth yet. Oh, yes, and you better stop in while you're downtown and contact the Park Commissioner and tell him the cinders'll be \$2.50 a cubic yard and the trucks'll cost him sixty-five bucks apiece a day. Tell him that for me, will you, Mike? And how about contacting a little shot before you go?"

"Fine, John, I don't mind if I do."

Two doubles were decanted.

"Well, to an uncommonleh jolleh braydul pawth!"



Holtsapple waggled his hips in imitation of Mrs. Humbleton's walk.

"The braydul pawth, John, and here's cinders in your eye," toasted Mike.

"And in our pockets, too, hey, Mike? In our pockets. Ha, ha, ha. Well, on your way now."

Mike departed.

"Who's the next chump?"

"Mr. Loftus is here."

"Send him right in."

Malta's former official Herald and Scroll Reader was wearing a Pullman green velour hat and a camel's hair polo coat of butter-cake shade. A great diamond solitaire flashed as he took the Corona Corona from his mouth and saluted with it.

"Morning, boss. Heard my new theme song? 'Oucher, Oucher, Give Us a Voucher.' "

"Say that's pretty good: 'Oucher, Oucher, Give Us a Voucher,' hey? Ha, ha, ha. Could you use a shot? Fine, so could I. Speaking of vouchers, the city vouchers for October are due today. Maybe they'll be in this afternoon's mail. Contact Charlie this morning?"

"Just come from there. Well, Oucher, Oucher.



Charlie wants you to have lunch with him. He's contacted somebody about some land the Board of Education might be interested in and he wants to consult you about it."

"Why, that's fine. School sites, hey? Hmm, school sites."

"School sites, school sites, dear new golden school sites. Baaaaaup! Hear my new gag about the Mayor? I tried it on Charlie, but it didn't take so good. I'll try it on you. Now you say to me: 'Who was that Mayor I seen you with last night?' Go on say it, 'Who was that Mayor I seen you with last night?' "

"Well, Mr. Bones, who was that Mayor I seen you with last night?"

"That wasn't no Mayor, that was a stallion!"

"Gawd, you're terrible. Ha, ha, ha. 'That wasn't no mayor, that was a stallion.' I guess you buy the lunch after that one. 'That was a stallion.' Gawd, you're terrible."

He roared into the Deskavox.

"Ha, ha, ha. Tell all those chumps out there I'm out to lunch. Back at 3. Ha, ha, ha. Gawd you're terrible."

PHILLIP DORSEY rocked on the howdah as the bus lumbered up hilly Federal Street. On every corner the apple sellers, hands in pockets, hugged their elbows into their ribs and stamped on the pavement up and down before their boxes. Some had mufflers. There were very few overcoats among them. Two girls, who looked like office workers, talked excitedly in the seat in front of him.

“Harrie’s goin’ to Palm Beach.”

“Go *on*. How do you know?”

“ ’Cause I know, that’s woy. He was goin’ to come to our club dance on the twenny-secon’ and yestiday our seckatary, Gladys Emmons, got the sweetes’ poisonal ledda from him sayin’ he was

ohful sorry but he couldn' come on account he's got to go to Palm Beach with his dodda for her health. Kin you 'magine a man like that writin' a *poisonal* ledda, and him so busy an' all? You'd think he'd have one of his seckataries do it, but noddadall, there it was: a poisonal ledda with his name, Harrie B. Satchells, signed to it. I think it was just the sweetes' thing for him to do a thing like that, with him so busy an' all. Anybody else would had a seckatary or somebody do it. I think it was just the sweetes' thing."

"Yes, I know, isn' he wunnafil? It's jus' like w'en he spoke to our Y.W.H.B.S.A. chapter an' our president, Ruthie Tarch, says w'en she in'roduced him: 'He's a Republican an' yet he's so democratic.' You shoul'da seen him blush! He cer'ainly is democratic, all right. That's cer'ainly too bad about Florence. I mean about his dodda. Maybe that climate down there'll fix her up. It's a shame Harrie should have to worry about her like that, and him with so much to worry 'bout already. It's a shame."

"Yes, it cer'ainly is a shame . . ."

Good heavens, Phillip Dorsey thought, what's to be done with such people? What is to be done?

THE PONY KICKED UP its heels during Holy Week. By the time it had lowered them and Lent was over, seventy-one public servants were stretched out dead.

Public Welfare Commissioner Reuben A. Goldsord (\$15,000) was the first to go. A married man and a parent several times over, Commissioner Goldsord had spent Palm Sunday afternoon doing a little private welfare work out of office hours with a Miss Wilson, one of his stenographers. The locale was the Museum of Fine Arts among whose dreary recesses welfare work of all kinds had been going on for decades.

"We was in the big dark room with all the mummies," Miss Wilson sobbed to the District

Attorney, "and I went to fix my hair. When I come back there he was stretched out in a pool of blood . . . Did I know he was married? Nothing like this ever happen' to me before!"

President of the Board of Water Supply Jonas F. McMurdough (\$12,000) was kicked to death on Monday night. An old lady who lived in apartment 10-F at the Dorking Arms discovered the body. The Dorking Arms lacked tone enough to have either a doorman or an elevator boy: just a colored man (who seemed to be always in the basement when the switchboard was buzzing and fussing with the switchboard when the heat wanted turning on) and one of those drive-it-yourself elevators. Some time between 9:30 and 9:45 the old lady pushed the button to bring the elevator to the ground floor. She heard it humming down quietly, she told the police. When the door rolled back by itself and the copper-plated safety-grill jumped aside, out fell the President of the Board of Water Supply. It gave her quite a nasty jar.

As the 5:17 ferry to Stitchleigh reached its destination on Tuesday night, there was a spinning of chain, up slid the gates, and two coupés and a

truck shot from the vehicle tunnel in the craft's starboard side on to the pier. Perhaps a full minute elapsed, and then the enraged squawking of horns began. A deckhand went back to the Buick that was holding up the line. Its storm curtains were on. "C'mon, chief, step on it, willya?" He opened the door. Across the front seat was sprawled what later proved to be City Chamberlain Claude V. Kedzie (\$15,000).

The pony took Wednesday off, but made up for lost time on the night of Maundy Thursday by disposing of Budget Director F. X. Hallihay (\$17,500) and Commissioner of Plant and Structures Otis F. Dunkel (\$15,000), both high-priced men. Their bodies were found in adjoining telephone booths situated in the basement of the Magnusson Bowling and Billiard Academy. The two were passionate bowlers and always preferred to play as a pair. There were only a few hangers-on at the academy Maundy Thursday night, and the pair were unable to find another pair willing to play against them for a side-bet of \$10 or even \$5. They bowled a few frames against each other in sulky fashion, and then the Director of the Budget was heard to suggest that some girls be



called up. The Commissioner of Plant and Structures made a joke having to do with Lent, and then went to the basement to telephone. Budget Director Hallihay practiced a few trick shots.

“What’s keeping that mug?” the loungers distinctly heard him say after he had failed thrice running to take two lone end pins with one ball. “Don’t he know any girls?”

He went downstairs, presumably to assist his colleague.

Each man was standing upright in his booth facing the instrument. Neither receiver was off its hook.

The pony rested up over Good Friday.

At 3:11 on Easter Sunday morning the sleepy headwaiter at Watzel’s Roadhouse on Ocean Road, fifteen miles north of Stitchleigh, entered the banquet hall at the rear of the ground floor of the building with the *addition*. The banquet hall was shut off by huge folding doors. The *addition* totalled \$764, and all but \$132 of this sum was for beer. The occasion was the Regular Quarterly Beefsteak of the Board of Aldermen of the Greater City of Malta. Aldermanic President John T. Porello had been unable to attend, owing to a

severe attack of la grippe, so 'Postle Godly had been invited in his place.

"He can open the meeting with prayer," sport-loving Alderman Sylvester N. Rebhuhn had facetiously suggested.

The banquet hall looked as though it had just been passed through by Visigoths, with the Visigoths all feeling great.

But where was everybody?

The headwaiter became a good deal less sleepy, very wide awake, in fact. He searched behind the potted palms. He searched everywhere under the long T-shaped table. Not an alderman. Not a single alderman. Traces of them, yes, and in profusion. Even that nigger priest's rubber hat.

Then he saw that the big French windows giving on to the rear of the grounds were all open. *Natürlich!* Guests often just stepped outside when the beer began working on them. Funny, though, that the entire sixty-six should be outside at once. Must be watching something. Watching something! The headwaiter lost his temper. Watching something!

*Himmelherrgottssacramentnochamol!* Here it was after 3 o'clock Sunday morning, time decent

people were in bed and they were out there watching things. And that nigger priest with his rubber hat. *Schandhaft!*

He stepped out into the moonlight.

They were all lying there among the bushes, all sixty-six including the 'Postle with a broken piece of his tall glass crozier clutched in his right hand. Most of them still had on the bibs men wear at beefsteak dinners, and some of them were wearing paper hats.

At first he thought they were drunk, but then he saw the blood.

A GRAND FUNERAL it was too, taking three hours and eighteen minutes to pass a given point, and crowds lined the whole way to Greenlawn. Each of the seventy-one hearses was preceded by a band, drums all draped in black, playing Beethoven, Chopin, the Dead March from "Saul." The weeded women rode in city cars, and most of the civil list walked behind with that tick-tock step men have in funeral processions. (Under each silk hat was the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier look.) So lavish were the gates ajar, the broken columns, the vacant chairs, the sweet pea doves, the other floral tributes that they were hauled in eighteen (D.S.C.) trucks festooned with crepe. Represented among the mourners were all the

political, fraternal, religious and patriotic organizations in the city as well as the consulates of foreign powers.

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO URBE  
SUA MORI

was the inscription on the face of the huge but simple granite shaft at the cemetery, and underneath were the names of the martyrs including those of Deputy Commissioner Brix and Committeeman Gozo.

“ ‘Dulce et decorum est pro urbe sua mori,’ ” the Mayor began. “It is sweet and glorious to die for one’s Greater City. Oh, my friends, we are here today——”

It was the most eloquent oration he ever delivered.

Charlie McQuilty rode back to town with him in the Rolls-Royce.

“Geez, Charlie, we’ve got to do something and do it quick.”

Wearily McQuilty slid a black-gloved hand into the inside pocket of his morning coat and brought out a sheaf of the ruled cards. He spread

them out fanwise and blinked at them with his white lashes.

"Don't worry. There's always plenty more cards than jobs. We'll run off a special election for the aldermen. Aldermen won't give us no trouble. Aldermen are six for a nickel. But about them commissioners. I got a fine man in mind for Chamberlain. Eddie Hanratty. He's a brother-in-law——"

"Listen, Charlie, I'm serious. To hell with you and your goddam mangy brother-in-law. We're in a jam here with this pony thing, unless the cops can break the case for us, we're in a jam. We're out on a limb. The papers are raising hell."

"Aw, the papers. Who cares about the papers? It's time they was givin' us a little attention."

"The cops can't catch a dead rat in a cup of coffee, anyway, much less a pony that gets in elevators and phone booths and roadhouses without being seen. I talked to Hobelman this morning and he conned me about 'developments.' Developments! And now I suppose we won't dare to let the circus come here with all those ponies they have. Maybe they could put the ponies in cages instead of lions. No, but seriously, Charlie, we've



got to look around for the makings of a Big Splash and if we find it, for God's sake, let's throw it right away."

"Aw, fergit about it. Say, that was a grand speech you made at the graves there this morning."

"Oh, do you really think so? How'd it go over?"

"Something wonderful. Even the taxi drivers was cryin'."

"Go on. The hell you say. Taxi drivers?"

"Sure. I counted six with me own eyes."

"Well, I'm damned. Taxi drivers. And I thought I was slipping. And six of 'em! Ah-ha-ha-ha. That must be some kind of a world's record, six."

"Oh, sure. It was a wonderful speech."

"Listen, Charlie, how'd that column get up there so fast? Those poor aldermen are still warm. And the poor 'Postle! What did they want to take him out on that party for, anyway, the poor old guy? That was kind of a lousy trick. I wish I'd known they were going to invite him. I'd have soon stopped that. But where'd we get that column?"

"Oh, I got it."

"Yes, I know, but where'd it come from? And how'd you get it up so fast?"

"Oh, I got it through a little concern I own some stock in. We had to take and work something terrible to get it up in time."

"How much did it cost? That's a very sizable hunk of rock, that column."

"Oh, I dunno. Couple of hundred thousand, I guess, with all that writin' in Eyetalian and them names and all."

"Couple of hundred thousand!"

The Mayor whistled through his teeth.

"Gosh! But, listen, Charlie, let's get working on this Big Splash right away."

"Aw, fergit about it. Lemme tell you about this Eddie Hanratty I got for you for Chamberlain."

"Listen, how's this for a splash? Let's run Larry Lowells out of town and bust up his mob. He's getting out of hand, it seems to me. Pretty soon things will be as bad here as Chicago under Capone."

"Larry Lowells?"

"Sure, why not? I'll just tell Hobelman to

bear down on him and we'll get a wonderful play in the papers not only here but all over the country. How about that for our splash?"

"Larry Lowells? You got that added up wrong some way, ain't you? Why, you can't do nothing to Larry Lowells. He's one of the best friends you got. He's already sewed up eight Republican wards and nine Democratic and he's sewin' on more. Why, Larry Lowells just about elected you Mayor of this city."

"Larry Lowells! Why I thought the 'Postle and I swung it. What the hell did Larry Lowells do?"

"Just about elected you, that's all. Sure, you and the 'Postle helped, but without Larry Lowells throwin' us them Democratic wards we couldn't got nowheres, niggers or no niggers. We made a little deal about them Democratic wards, me and him."

"Larry Lowells! Why, that's terrible. Why didn't I know? Why, that's awful."

"Aw, fergit about it. You been in this business long enough to know that what you don't know ain't gonna hurt you none. Sorry I told you. Fergit about it and leave Larry Lowells to me."

Lemme tell you about this Eddie Hanratty I got  
for you now——”

“Larry Lowells. . . . Prrrrrooo!”

THE BIG SPLASH of 1932 was Miss Malta.

Thought up by the executives of the Contracts Contacts Corporation and worked out in detail by the Board of Education, the *Evening Moon* and the Sylvester Dobby Tours, Inc., the idea was so gorgeously simple its creators wondered that it had never occurred to them before.

"Why, it's just the old bathing beauty gag with clothes on!" said Loftus.

"But hitched up to the tried and true principles of education and popular government," Holtsapple pointed out. "That's where the vision ties in. How about it, Charlie, my boy?"

"Well, John, it sounds like quite a thing if it works out. I hope to God it does. You know they

lynched another pony up in Sicily this morning. I hope this here Miss Malta business is goin' to take the people's mind off the circus not bein' allowed to come here."

"Sure it will, Charlie, my boy; this Miss Malta proposition will beat any circus ever heard of. Think of it: a trip to all the greater cities of Europe for three months, absolutely free of charge. And with Mayor Harrie B. Satchells, Malta's Boy Friend. Why, the people will be crazy for it. They'll forget they ever heard of a pony."

And they did. The *Evening Moon*, a tabloid of nearly 2,000,000 daily circulation and of more than 3,000,000 on Sundays, set all its pulmotors to working. Dr. Chester Tingley (Superintendent of Schools, \$20,000), endorsed the idea publicly as "a wonderful aid to scholarship" and ordered all his principals to order their teachers to co-operate to ability's fullest extent. And Mr. Sylvester Dobby's travel agency was tireless in its efforts, simply tireless. Ponies disappeared from public consciousness in no time.

It was decided to call it not a Contest but an Award, the Miss Malta Official Award. The entrance requirements were not severe: any female



resident of the Greater City who had passed the eighth grade and possessed a picture of herself could compete, irrespective of color, shape or nationality. Not only beauty counted, but votes. Every day a vote coupon appeared in the *Evening Moon*, and on Sundays the coupons were good for five votes. Every day there was a double truck picture spread of aspirants and on Sundays there were six pages. With feature stories and itineraries of just where the Lucky Girl would go with Our Harrie.

The Greater City took the Miss Malta Official Award to its bosom as one of the few diversions left that everybody could afford. Through the spring and into the summer they voted, voted, voted. The *Evening Moon's* daily circulation passed 2,500,000, its Sunday 4,000,000. So strongly did the Award appeal to the public fancy that it was decided to enlarge its scope and include European trips for Miss North Side, Miss South Side, Miss East Side, Miss West Side, Miss Stichleigh, Miss Magnusson, Miss Dorking.

"I'll admit I never thought it would ketch ahold like this," Holtsapple told the executives of the Contracts Contacts Corporation one night

in June. "I knew it would go big all right, but I never thought it would ketch ahold like this. Look at the *Moon's* circulation figures—2,750,000 last week. That was a good idea bringing in all them gals from the districts, Miss North Side, Miss Dorking and so on. Maybe we could make it even bigger. How about picking a Miss Malta Parochial School Girl?"

"Say, that's a great idea, John," said Mike Raffigan, "Miss Malta Parochial School Girl. Hm. Oh, fine, John, fine. Miss Malta Parochial School Girl. Say, I got a couple nieces 'll eat that up."

"Boss," said Loftus, "you know I think you ought to throw this thing open more to the older dames. If you look close at the pictures in the *Moon* you'll see most of these entries just left off hair ribbons. Whyn't you give the married women a break? How about a Mrs. Young Malta Matron?"

"Orv, you said something there. That's a natural. Mrs. Young Malta Matron. Great. And while we're at it let's run in the older married women, too. How about a Mrs. Malta Housewife?"

"Oh, fine, John, fine. Mrs. Malta Housewife. That's fine. I'll enter the missus and maybe we can all stuff ballots for her. Mrs. Malta Housewife. A great thing for the whole family. Say, how about the old women. How about a Mrs. Malta Grandma?"

"Mrs. Malta Grandma? Mike, you pulled something smart for once. Yes, sir, we'll just use that. I'll tell the *Moon* people about it tomorrow first thing. Charlie, you fix it up with Tingley. And now we got all these Mrs. Malts outa the way, how about a Mr. Shot all around? Right! And Charlie, my boy, takes water in his, the goddam thimblebelly.

"Say, Charlie, my boy, how's Harrie enjoying all this? This is gonna make quite a trip for him with all these new entries. Let's see. Miss Greater City and the seven district misses is eight, Mrs. Young Malta Matron's nine, Mrs. Malta Housewife's ten, Mrs. Malta Grandma's eleven. Lucky eleven. Lucky Harrie. What a break he ain't got a wife! How's he taking it?"

"All right, I guess. Harrie's plenty game."

"Game," said Loftus. "I'll say he's game. The gamest guy in town. Gentlemen, I give you the

Honable Harrie B. Satchells, the only Republican in the whole U.S.A. who'll carry out his party's 1928 campaign promises."

"Campaign promises? What campaign promises?"

"A chicken in every port. Baaaaaup!"

"*Gee, We Think That You Are Simply Swell, Harrie,*" the massed bands of the Police, Fire and Street Cleaning Departments thumped out from the pier end. The people waved flags and handkerchiefs and cheered at the *Hindenburg* as she shoved off. Surrounded by the Lucky Eleven and with Miss Greater City (*née* Frieda Kissmiller, 1761 Iuka Avenue) on his arm, the Mayor waved back from the rail of the promenade deck. "*Gee, We Think That You Are Simply Swell, Harrie.*" The old line never failed to bring tears to his eyes. What a lovely thing it was! They really did. They still really thought he was swell. All those thousands and thousands of people there on the pier, and the millions and millions behind

them clear to the county line. In spite of the depression, in spite of unemployment, in spite of bank failures, in spite of the market, in spite of McQuilty, in spite of everything. They loved him, and by God, he loved them. "*You Are Simply Swell, Harrie.*" There'd be a break soon, there'd have to be. Things couldn't get any worse, so they'd just have to get better. Law of averages. Couldn't help it. And then everybody'd be happy again and think he was sweller than ever. He'd give 'em reason to think so, too, by God. "*Gee, We Think That You Are Simply Swell, Harrie.*" Dear old Rose. Poor old Rose. That goddam pony.

Once again the massed bands repeated the refrain.

*"John Holtsapple Will Not Get a Smell."*

Well, there was one part that wasn't true, anyway. John was certainly getting his smell all right, more than a smell. His snout was in, his whole head was in up to the ears, the big sow. Contracts Contacts Corporation. By God, there'd have to be a showdown when he got back. There'd *have* to be. Look what was happening to Jimmy Walker up in New York. Things like that just couldn't go on.



Miss Greater City pressed his arm.

"Oh, look, there's poppa. Yoohoo, poppa. Good-bye, poppa!"

Nice kid. Pretty kid. They were all nice kids and surprisingly pretty, too, for a thing like this. Except that goddam Housewife and that goddam Grandma. Trust Charlie to squeeze in a couple of his relations somewhere. Nepotism. Did Charlie know what nepotism meant? Haw! All that old harp knew was how to smell a dollar and grab it. You had to hand it to him at that, he certainly could smell them out in funny places. Well, thank God, none of these girls had those horrible cast-iron, Mary Pickford curls. Brown, they always were, horrible, dead, pig-iron brown.

That Younger Mrs. Matron, Mrs. Sickels there, wasn't so bad. Nice little shape and a gay, wet eye. To hell with that stuff. Rest. Sleep. Relax. Give these kids a good time. Show 'em the beauties of the Old World. Get away from the chisellers. God, every time you looked around there was always a knot of chisellers standing there. And always the little fellow in a belted overcoat, with both hands stuck in his hip pockets, twirling on his heel in the midst of a laugh. No

more of him, no more of any chiselers for three long, glorious months. Ninety-two whole beautiful days of no chiselers. Prrrrrooo!

The *Hindenburg* had reached Yowell's Light.

"Ladies," he said, "if you'll excuse me, I've got to go below and dictate some letters and cables. I'll see you at dinner. We're at the Captain's table."

In his cabin he undressed and put on his pajamas. He looked in the bathroom mirror at the little squint wrinkles of care beside his eyes. Sleep would fix that, sleep.

Again he had the Turksib dream. In the Russian film "Turksib" time after time a closeup of a locomotive piston and the whirling wheels behind had been thrown on the screen. It motivated the picture. More and more, of late, this closeup had come to the Mayor in his dreams. There was this enormous piston going faster and faster and faster and there he was astride it, a tiny man, holding on to the piston's joint, the wrist-pin, with his hands while the frantic rod bucked him and bucked him and bucked him. Little by little by little he slipped off until at last he was pitched into infinity. Then, still a tiny man, he was

standing on the floor of the locomotive cab. Charlie McQuilty was sitting there with his hand on the throttle, blinking out of the window through his white eyelashes, saying nothing. Holtsapple with grease on his face was the fireman. Every few minutes he would look at the gauge which was rising and rising and yell: "I think she'll take some more, Charlie; I think she'll take some more all right," and Charlie would blink and nod. Then Holtsapple would throw open the door of the boiler furnace and flames would shoot out and you could see his fat-flaps and his ogre jowls. Laughing all over he would snatch up his shovel and plunge it into the enormous pile of greenbacks that filled the tender and heave them into the furnace. Shovelful after shovelful he would heave, laughing all the time.

The Mayor would stretch up his arms and try to shout a warning at them.

"Wait," he would scream, "wait a minute. She's too full already. She'll bust if you don't watch out."

But they couldn't hear him, couldn't see him. He was too tiny.

The dream always switched in the same way.

"Pheeeew!" Holtsapple would say, slamming the door to with his shovel and wiping his brow with the back of his hand. "That soft stuff is certainly hard to handle."

Then the Mayor was back on the piston again until he was bucked off into infinity. Then back in the cab.

He awoke trembling, exhausted. Well, nothing else for it. He rang for the steward, and when the steward came he slipped a \$10 bill into his palm.

"Steward, I want you to go up to the bar and have 'em shake me up the biggest shaker they've got full of Martinis. And tell 'em not to be stingy with the gin, do you understand, plenty of gin."

"Yessor, blenty of chin."

"And then when you've done that I want you to find a Mrs. Sickels, S-i-c-k-e-l-s, do you understand?"

"Yessor, Mizzus Ziggles."

"Right. You'll probably find her on B deck. Now, when you find her, if she's with any other ladies, I want you to tell her the purser has a cable for her. And when you get her away from the

other ladies, I want you to present her with my compliments and ask her if she'd care to have a cocktail with me here in . . . exactly fifteen minutes. Have you got that straight now?"

"Yessor."

"And steward."

"Yessor?"

"Get the cocktails here in ten minutes."

"Yessor!"

ONE NIGHT IN PARIS the Mayor sneaked off to the Caveau Tsoin Tsoin, an old Montmartre hot spot under new management, with Miss North Side (*née* Doris Schultheiss, 213½ North High Street). To a sticky tango, "*La Béguine de Mon Béguin Est Ma Béguine*," played by the Central American orchestra with many a florid cadenza from the piano accordion, they danced. Miss North Side tucked her little blonde head in the notch of his neck and shoulder and followed him through the tango mazes. The Mayor could feel the electricity going down his left arm and through his hand into her hand and up her right arm.

Dancing and dancing and dancing. Dancing



in the dark. It was dark here and good. Good to be dancing with Miss North Side of the Greater City of Malta, Miss Doris Schultheiss of 213 1/2 North High Street, Miss Schoris Dhultheiss of Strew Dirt Theen and a Staff Horth Nigh Creek of the Mater Gritty of Salta. With Schiss Morris Hultdeiss—God!

“This is a swell number they’re playing, don’t you think?” the Mayor said aloud.

“Mmm. Cute piece,” Miss North Side purred. He could feel her breath on his ear.

Cute piece, Et tu, Brute. Et tu, Dore. Paris. Dancing in the dark in Paris with Miss North Side of the Greater City of Malta. In Paris of all places. What was the old gag about taking a sandwich to a banquet? Taking your wife to Paris is like taking a sandwich to a banquet. Wife. He didn’t have any wife. Just a wifeless waif from Wooftown. Wife, waif, wiff, wofe, or werf, as they said in Brooklyn. Who was that werf I seen you with at the Tsoin Tsoin last night. That wasn’t no werf, that was a sandwich.

“You know, you mustn’t tell anybody, but personally I think you should have been picked Miss Greater City.”

Miss North Side raised her head, drew back at arm's length and looked at him.

"Oh, Mis-ter May-ur!"

"Really I do. I voted for you myself. And don't call me Mister Mayor. Call me Harrie."

Miss North Side went back into her snuggle.

"Har-rie," she purred.

"What do they call you back home?"

"Doris."

"I know. But you must have some pet name. What do your boy friends on the North Side call you?"

"Too'sie."

Snuggle, snuggle.

"What?"

"Too'sie."

"Tootsie?"

"Mmm. Too'sie."

"Too'sie . . . Too'sie. A pretty name."

With a final: "*et la béguine de mon béguin est ma béguine, bump-bump!*" the tango ended.

"Let's have some champagne, Too'sie."

"Mmm!"

Jim Niebuhr, his Executive Secretary, rose from their table against the wall. Niebuhr's dead

pan and rabbity upper lip always reminded the Mayor of Charles Butterworth.

"Sorry to bother you," said Niebuhr in his chalky voice, "but this just come and I thought it might be important."

He passed the Mayor an opened cablegram.

GREATER CITY OF MALTA WENT  
BROKE TODAY STOP FAILURE OF DE-  
LINQUENTS IN LAST TWO YEARS TO  
PAY \$576,000,000 TAXES OWING CITY  
THE REASON STOP HAVE YOU ANY  
SUGGESTIONS STOP SUGGEST YOU  
URGE IMMEDIATE ECONOMY PRO-  
GRAM AND SET EXAMPLE BY COMING  
HOME AND LOOKING AFTER EVER IN-  
CREASING NEEDS OF PEOPLE STOP  
WIRE ME AT MY NEW OFFICE MALTA  
TRUST BUILDING STOP

CHARLIE

The Mayor looked at Niebuhr's dead, dead pan.

"So you thought this might be important, Jim?"

"Yes," croaked Niebuhr, "that's how come I hunted all over until I found you."

Broke! The Greater City of Malta was broke for five hundred seventy-six millions of dollars and here he was at the Caveau Tsoin Tsoin with Too'sie Schultheiss, Schussie Tultheiss, Heissie Schlusstuss. And could he make a suggestion? God!

"Let me take your pencil, Jim. Here, I can write it on the back of this menu. Garcon, encore deux bootay champan. Too'sie, you and I are going to have us a time. Slide over and ask the orchestra leader if he can't play: "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," that's a good girl. Jim, I want you to get this on the wires right away. I'll have it ready in two minutes. Have I got any suggestions . . ."

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS of the Contracts Contacts Corporation was in extraordinary session.

"Look at that old crook there," said Holtsapple at the head of the table, shaking his finger at McQuilty. "Just get a load of that sneaky smirk on his puss, Orv, and you, Mike. Ain't he a picture? Ain't he the fine-looking upstanding man of affairs, though? Ain't he an inspiring sight? Ain't he? The Greater City of Malta's broke, five hundred and seventy-six million dollars in the red. And who broke it? Who broke it? That skinny, stingy old thimblebelly of a crook over there's who broke it. Couldn't take enough to satisfy any other mortal. Couldn't

leave enough to meet the payrolls and keep the city employes satisfied. Couldn't spare enough for a back log to keep the reformers from poking around. Not him. Oh, no, not him. He wasn't satisfied putting all his seventy-nine relatives in all the good jobs there was. He wasn't satisfied with no fair return. No, sir. He had to grab it ALL. Where's the Sinking Fund? When we went out less'n three years ago there was plenty in it, enough for an emergency like this and some besides. And where is it now? Sunk in that old crook's pocket over there and his seventy-nine relatives' pockets, that's where it is. They used to say Charlie McQuilty'd steal the beads out'n a rosary while a priest was blessing him. Beads! Why that old crook'd take the priest's PANTS. He'd steal his DRORES."

"Listen, John Holtsapple, don't you be yellin' at me. I can hear you. Don't be yellin' at me."

"I WILL TOO BE YELLIN' AT YOU, YOU GODDAM OLD DOUBLECROSSING RAT THIEF. I'LL YELL AS LONG AS I LIKE AND AS LOUD AS I LIKE, WHATAYA THINKA THAT?"



"Now, John, take it easy, now, cool off, now. Don't take and get yourself all worked up over nothin' and bring on your nervous indigestion."

"Nothing! You call \$576,000,000 nothing? Why, that old crook's a disgrace to this city."

"Ssh! Look, here's Miss Ripley now with a telegram. Must be from the Mayor."

"For you, Mr. McQuilty."

"Here, gimme that."

Holtsapple snatched it and tore it open. His lips moved as he read it to himself.

"Read it aloud, Orv," he said and handed it to Loftus. "Haw! The old rat's own guy, even, is showing him up for what he is."

Loftus read the cable aloud:

TAKING YOUR LAST SENTENCE  
FIRST WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY YOUR  
NEW OFFICES I AM NOT SO DUMB AS  
SOME PEOPLE THINK YOU MEAN  
YOUR OLD OFFICES AT THE CONTACTS  
CORPORATION DONT YOU IN WHAT  
RESPECT ARE THEY NEW DID YOU  
LOOSEN UP AND BUY YOURSELF A

DESK AFTER THREE YEARS AS TO SUGGESTIONS THE BEST I CAN THINK OF IS ONE YOU YOURSELF MADE FIVE TIMES IN YOUR CABLE NAMELY STOP STOP STOP STOP FAILING THAT LET ME RECALL TO YOU THAT IN ANCIENT ROME THE TAX COLLECTING PRIVILEGES WERE LEASED OUT TO PRIVATE INDIVIDUALS JUST AS YOU LEASE OUT THE SHOE-SHINING PRIVILEGES ON THE MUNICIPAL FERRY FLEET WHY NOT DO AS THE ROMANS I AM GREATLY ENJOYING THE SANDWICHES OF PARIS AT PRESENT AND REFUSE TO EMULATE MAYOR MC-SWINEY OF CORK AS TO COMING HOME MISS GREATER CITY AND HER COLLEAGUES NOT TO MENTION MRS. GRANDMA MALTA WERE PROMISED WHAT THAT CORNHUSKER YOU INSISTED ON MY MAKING SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS CALLED A

WONDERFUL AID TO SCHOLARSHIP I  
AM HERE TO SEE THAT THEY GET IT  
OUR SCHOLARSHIP IS STILL TO BE  
AIDED IN BERLIN MUNICH VIENNA  
VENICE AND ROME SO MEET US AT  
QUARANTINE ON LABOR DAY AS AD-  
VERTISED REGARDS TO COLLEAGUES  
HOLTSAPPLE LOFTUS AND RAFFIGAN  
AND A KISS FOR YOU SANTA CLAUS.

HARRIE

“Say, ain’t that a pip about the old *goniff* here  
buyin’ a desk? Ha, ha, ha. That’s wonderful.  
Ha, ha, ha. Did he loosen up and buy a desk?  
I didn’t know Harrie had it in him. ‘And a kiss  
for you, Santa Claus.’ Ha, ha, ha. Say, I’ll have  
to have a talk with Harrie when he gets back,  
at that. I feel better already. How about a little  
shot?”

“Great idea. Say boss, what the hell does he  
mean by ‘sandwiches.’ I don’t get that, and that  
hunger strike stuff.”

“And, John, what about that part about them

Romans? There might be somethin' in that. Couldn't you farm tax collectin' out to somebody like mebbe say the District Leaders? Sell 'em the tax bills in their district for so and so much and then let 'em collect whatever they can on 'em?"

Holtsapple put down his glass.

"Saaaay, that ain't such a lousy goddam idear at that. Not such a lousy idear at all. But it wouldn't do for the District Leaders to go after them taxes. They put their own private shake on everybody in their district already. Somebody else'd have to do it, somebody outside the district. But you got something there, Mike, you got something."

McQuilty had been squirming in his chair.

"Why not Larry Lowells?" he said in his flat voice.

"Charlie, my boyeee!"

MILLIONS OF MALTA HOUSEWIVES  
glanced at the headlines in their papers the next  
afternoon and said to their husbands at dinner:

“I see the city’s broke.”

“Yeah? Who ain’t?” millions of husbands  
answered.

YOSKE, THE WOP, who to settle a bet had once put out a perfect stranger's right eye with a lighted cigar butt, entered the office of Sigmund Fein, Buttons, Badges, Banners. One of the fairly prominent Lowells, Yoske, the Wop, was feeling exuberant this morning. His squad had just reported to him after working lower Pine Street, and results had been more than splendid.

"I wanna see Mr. Fein," he told Miss Schelm-fusz, the switchboard girl.

"Mr. Fein is very busy right now."

"I'll wait."

"I think he's tied up for the day."

"Oh, no, he ain't. Tell him he ain't tied up for



the day if he don't want to be tied up the rest of his life. Tell him that, girly, just tell him that for me."

"Yes, sir. Who shall I say it is?"

"Mr. J. P. Robinson of the Department of Taxes and Assessments."

"Mr. Fein, a Mr. Robi'son of the Taxes Depottment's here. Says it's very impotint . . . What? . . . all righty, Mr. Fein. He says he can't see you today, Mr. Robi'son. He *wants* to see you, but he can't see you today. He says if you'll——"

Yoske, the Wop, rose, walked straight to the door marked PRIVATE, shoved it open, passed through, and slammed it.

"Mister Fein, you own this building, dontcha?" Miss Schelmfusz heard him roar. She could hear Mr. Fein start to wail, but what he was wailing she couldn't catch. Then there was a crash and glass smashing and she could hear Mr. Fein wailing some more. Removing her earphones and chest transmitter, she tiptoed over and put her eye to the keyhole. Mr. Fein's desk was lying on its side and she guessed that crash must have been the inkwells. She could not see Mr. Fein or

the other gentleman but she could hear them.

"You got a wife and children, ain't you?" the other gentleman was saying. "You wouldn't like nothing to happen to them, would you? You own some more property, don't you? How about them flats in Halsey Street? You wouldn't wanta make 'em over into no pineapple warehouses, would you? Maybe you un'erstan' Chinese? You likee tlakee lidee in nicee automobilee? Maybe you un'erstan' 'at, hey?"

Just then the switchboard buzzed and Miss Schelmfusz tiptoed back and quickly adjusted her harness.

"Sigmund Fein, Buttons, Badges, Banners," she said cheerily.

The gentleman came out of Mr. Fein's door. He was smiling and folding a piece of paper. He didn't seem like a nice gentleman for somebody in the Gov'ment. Harrie, now——

"Miss Schelmfusz!" Mr. Fein bleated.

THE TELEPHONE RANG and interrupted the hearts game. Raffigan answered.

"Yeah, Carl, yeah. I'll see if he's still here, jussa minute."

He covered the transmitter with his hand.

"John, it's Carl Lindau of the *Mail*. He wants a statement about some charges is bein' filed with the Governor."

"O.K. Hold this a minute, boys, I'll be right back and smoke out Thimblebelly's queen. Yeah, oh, hello Carl, how's business? I was just going out the door. What's on your mind?"

"*Who's* filing 'em, who? Oh, Phillip Dorsey, hey? Is that Dorsey the mug that wants to manage the city? . . . Is, hey? Anybody else? . . .

Civic Association and who? Committee of Ten Thousand? Never heard of 'em . . . Going up to the capital tonight, are they? . . . They've gone? . . . Yeah, Carl just go ahead and read me the whole thing, will you, and read it slow so I can get the picture. Just a minute now till I get settled. Just hold on, Carl."

He whirled around and snapped his fingers.

"Pencil and paper, quick!"

He laid the sheets out carefully, licked the pencil's point and picked up the receiver again.

"O.K., Carl, shoot. But read it good and slow now, so's I can get the picture for the statement. Go ahead now . . ."

The three men laid their cards face down and for twenty minutes watched Holtsapple's back bent over the side table that held the telephone and listened to him as he said: "How was that again, Carl . . . oh, docks and slips . . . O.K., I get it . . . go ahead, Carl . . . yeah, yeah." Through it all they could hear his pencil point racing over the paper.

"And that's the whole thing is it?" he said at last. "Well, it's quite a little document, ain't it. All right, Carl, here's your statement:

“ ‘What has been going on at City Hall for the last three years concerns me no more than it does any other good, law-abiding, tax paying citizen of the Greater City of Malta, and I hope I can claim to be that,’ said former Mayor John N. (Jolly John) Holtsapple last night. ‘When I retired on January 1, 1930, after thirty years of unflagging public service, I left the treasury of the Greater City in splendid shape and the Sinking Fund in an even more magnificent condition. What has happened to it since is no affair of mine beyond that of any good, law-abiding, tax paying citizen. Mayor Harrie B. Satchells and his Republican associates are the ones to account for whatever may have happened since then. However, these look like Democrat times, and a year from next November——’

“ ‘Wait a minute, Carl. You better cut out that last about next year. We’ll wait till next year comes for that stuff, hey, Carl? Ha, ha, ha. Read me what you got so far, will you, Carl.

“ ‘Right. Now, new paragraph.

“ ‘As to the wild statements this self-appointed public censor, Mr. Dorsey, makes about me, why, they are so absurd as to be too ridiculous to even

deny. As to the affairs of the Contracts Contacts Corporation, it is a simple, legitimate business organization, duly incorporated under the laws of this great State, and not no different in any way, shape nor form to ten thousand others like it all over the Greater City. Its books are open to inspection just like every other respectable concern's by any responsible body at any time but not to no bunch of wild-eyed, lollygagging, Bolshevik bunch of fanatics like Mr. Dorsey and his Committee of Ten Thousand.'

"I guess that'll hold 'em, hey, Carl? Is that O.K.? Fine. Just give it to the other boys, too, will you, Carl? Fine. Drop in and see me some time, why don't you? Not at all, Carl, not at all. Thanks for letting me know. Goo'-bye.

"Pheeeew! For Gawd's sake, Mike, pour me a shot quick. Pheeeew!"

The great arms hung limp beside the chair. He gulped the double shot, shook his head violently from side to side, picked up the papers, wheeled around.

"Well! Here sure is a little pip this mug Dorsey's tryin' to fix up for us, boys. He's asking the Governor to remove the Mayor for misfea-



sance, malfeasance, nonfeasance, neglect and I don't know what all else. He's asking the Governor to ask the Legislature to appoint a committee to investigate the municipal government of the Greater City of Malta. (But that's your headache, Thimblebelly.) Regular Seabury investigation he wants, by Christ. He wants the Legislature to look into the way the county's run, too, so he does. He don't want much, does he? Ha, ha, ha. Gawd, these reformers sure give me a laugh. I reckon he didn't figure our good Governor's running for re-election this fall, did he? I reckon he don't know Harvey Wool can't get to first base this November without he carries this Greater City and me and Thimblebelly over there'll cut his ears off if he tries to pull any funny stuff with us, hey, Charlie, my boy? I reckon this here smart Mr. Dorsey don't know who runs the Legislature, hey, Charlie, my boy? I reckon there's plenty he don't know. Plenty.

"Know what he calls you and me, Thimblebelly? We're just two talons of the same vulture, Thimblebelly, just two talons of the same vulture, but who is the right talon and who is the left talon he don't say which. But I sure know which

part of the vulture this here smart mug, Mr. Dorsey is. Just you ask me sometime when there ain't no ladies present. City Manager, hey? City Mugager, he means.

“And it seems our City Mugager has been poking his little pink nose in plenty places. He makes charges. I got five sheets here fulla the charges he makes. Carl give 'em to me so fast I didn't get the half of 'em down. And he's sending Harvey Wool affidavits to back 'em all up. Affidavits, if you please. He says the Police Department's got 760,000 surplus badges. Maybe they need 'em to pin up their kid's didies with. Every cop's got ten kids for low. Here's one for you, Orv: he says 'outrageously exorbitant prices have been paid for school sites.' He don't say! He says 'Dr. Chester Tingley is grossly unfitted to be Superintendent of Schools, having almost no cultural background himself.' What the hell does he expect from a chiropodist? And a guy that used to look after Thimblebelly's dogs at that? What does he expect, hand-painted china?

“Here's one for you, Mike: this here City Mugager claims the Park Drive braydul pawth cost \$1,300,000 and the cinders used in building

it ain't cinders at all, according to the specifications, but ashes."

"Why, the goddam liar, them's the best cinders there is on Muswell's Island."

"There ain't no cinders on the Island, you dope; you get cinders from the power plant."

"Do you, be God? Well, that's a funny thing, Orv, I'd a swore them was cinders."

"Naw, ashes. Remember next time to cut the ashes with a little cinders. Go on, John, go on with the charges. I'm strong for this City Mugger. Hurry up and get to the place where he says the Satchells administration ain't nothing but a hotbed of beautiful women."

WHEN THE *Bismarck* reached Quarantine, the Mayor and the reporters who had come out on the municipal cutter, *Fred N. Wrenker*, held a love feast.

"Well, if it isn't old Bob Foulkes . . . and Mike Clymer . . . *and* Steve Ross . . . well, well, well, why, there's old George . . . hello Dick . . . geez, this is marvelous . . . come right in Red . . . Jimmie!"

"Hahzit, Harrie?"

"Say, Harrie, you look great."

"Hope you had a swell trip."

"How are those European dames, Harrie? Can they do anything our gals can't?"

"I'd have to answer that off the record, Red,

because, if you printed it you'd have to get out the paper on asbestos, ah-ha-ha-ha."

"Harrie, it's great to hear you laugh again, no kiddin'. Nobody's laughed since Hoover said it's 'just around the corner.' "

"Come on, let's get to it. I got an edition."

He told them he'd had a lovely vacation but was delighted to be home again. He told them things didn't look any too good in Europe: the depression seemed to be world wide. He told them of the Lucky Eleven and he made a joke about Mrs. Grandma Malta (off the record). He told them how sorry he was the Greater City was broke and that unemployment had increased and he promised to do his best to set everything right again. He promised the immediate inauguration of an Economy Program. He told them that as things had got so bad, they surely couldn't get any worse and he foresaw an immediate upturn after the election. Mr. Hoover would be re-elected, he thought, because the country realized the foolhardiness of swapping horses in midstream. Governor Wool, it was his belief, would also be returned to office. He told them he thought Prohibition was done for. All of these and many other

things he told them, and to all questions beginning: "Harrie, my office wants to know——" he replied: "Sorry, old man, I've been away and can't answer that till I've looked into it myself." Save one:

"Harrie, how about Phillip Dorsey's asking the Governor to remove you?"

"Dorsey? Good old Dearsie, my old college chum."

"Dearsie?"

"Sure, didn't you know they called him 'Dearsie' at Princeton? Dearsie Dorsey. Good old Dearsie. We were both class of '09. Shows how we old Princetonians stick together, eh? Ah-ha-ha-ha. Yes, good old Dearsie."

"Dearsie! That's a new one. John Holtsapple's already called him Mr. Mugager in a couple of interviews. And now Dearsie."

"Mr. Mugager, hey? Ah-ha-ha-ha. John's getting good. Mr. Mugager. Poor old Dearsie."

"Say, Harrie, I hear Dearsie's gonna abolish playin' Post Office when he's elected City Muga-ger. What'll you do then?"

"I don't know, Red, open a bird store I guess, ah-ha-ha-ha."



"Where's your daughter now, Harrie."

"She went back to school last week, George. Sorry I missed her, but I'll see her at Thanksgiving."

The strains of "We Can't Give You Anything But Votes" came through the cabin windows.

"Boys, I've got to leap! Geez, you don't know how wonderful it really is to get back, depression or no depression. So they put the band on the cutter? Say, that's grand. I'll just jump aboard now, if you'll excuse me. See you all later. That is if Dearsie hasn't had me locked out of the Hall. Ah-ha-ha-ha! You'll find something I think you'll like in the clothes closet. So long."

FOR THE FIRST TIME, it seemed to him, in years, the Mayor dined and spent the evening at home. It had been a terrible day, that first day back. There had been thousands at the pier to greet him as he landed from the *Fred N. Wrenker*, thousands to cheer as he went up Pine Street in the Rolls, thousands more to roar and throw roses as he mounted the steps of the Hall. But he had missed something. What it was he didn't quite know. The edge was off things, somehow. To be sure there had been depression everywhere and in plenty when he left for Europe. Nevertheless, the send-off had been genuine in its vociferousness. The welcome back today had been vociferous, too, but there was something in the faces

of the vociferators. Many of them, those around the steps at the Hall, particularly, he had recognized as mere job-holders, stooges lined up by McQuilty and the boys to put on a good show for the press. How about those at the pier? And no ticker tape out of the Pine Street office windows. Probably the poor guys didn't have any ticker tape to throw. Was it the excitement of the Presidential campaign? Sure, that was it. Anyway, there'd been cheers, hadn't there? Somebody'd cheered him, stooges or no stooges. And the massed bands played "*Gee, We Think That You Are Simply Swell, Harrie.*" Did they? Did they still? Or was Our Harrie slipping?

Prrrrrooo.

What a day, what a day.

The Mayor took a swallow from his highball and crossed his pajamaed knees.

First of all, that long talk with Charlie. Would Hoover get smeared, and the State ticket with him? People were getting nastier and nastier about back taxes, although a surprising number of them had begun to pay up recently. More funds were needed for unemployment relief, and, speaking of which, more indigent McQuiltys were in need of

aid. The only unqualified good news Charlie had brought was that Dearsie's removal monkeyshines had got nowhere at the capital. One less headache to worry about, anyway. The big nance.

Clyde Schorey, the Comptroller, had been so boring with his Funded Debts, his Unfunded Liabilities, his Converted Corporate Stock Notes, his Rapid Transit Boards and God only knew what else that the Mayor pleaded a headache and postponed the consultation until the next day. All he had gathered was that the Greater City of Malta was going to borrow a great deal of money from the New First National group at usurious rates and that the Budget was going up again. It had all been very vital stuff, but when Clyde was talking little bubbles formed in the right corner of his mouth, broke away and sometimes floated off whole. Distracting. Tomorrow he'd have to put Clyde at his side where the bubbles couldn't be seen.

The grandfather clock in the hall downstairs struck eleven. The Mayor finished his highball and removed his dressing gown. He leaped into the Victorian four-poster, snapped out the light on the night table, punched a dent in his pillow,

laid his head in it, drew the covers up to his chin.

Eleven o'clock and in bed at home. And alone. Pretty funny, at that, and some kind of a world's record. Tomorrow afternoon open the Relief Drive. And would he make 'em weep? And thaw out all those frozen assets? Would he, boy, would he? And when he got through they really *would* think he was swell, all those stuffed shirts. He'd make it the kickoff of a new life. No more chasing around this last year. Winter coming. All those poor devils out there in the breadlines and selling apples. Thaw out the frozen assets! Malta, where is your heart? Oh, my friends, you must help me to lead a new life. If you will just help me a little by making out a check to carry on this great work. Get Our Harrie out of the breadlines and put him back in the headlines. Oh, my friends . . . Malta's Own . . . swell, Harrie . . . Charlie's Unfunded Uncle . . . Clyde's Rapid Transit bubbles . . . Big Bubbles Amortization . . . swell, Harrie . . .

When Mose Morgan, the colored houseman, approached the bed next morning with the Mayor's breakfast he dropped it. Encasing his master's left eye was the imprint of a pony's shoe.

THE MAYOR was lowered into his grave after the gaudiest funeral the Greater City ever enjoyed.

For a turbulent week he lay in state at the Churchill Funeral Parlors in the center of the theatrical district while hundreds of thousands of women of all ages and conditions, from the Dames of Antient Malta to the Sicily Chapter of the Y.W.H.B.S.A. filed past the bier, weeping, swooning, tearing at their hair and clothing, scratching each other, letting go in complete convulsions. So fierce was the crush for blocks around the parlors that scores of plate glass windows were stoshed in by the elbows and backsides of the



mourners, and mounted policemen were pulled from their horses.

While Opal Nelligan, president of the Malta Quiet Birdwomen, wrote GOOD-BYE, HARRIE in smoke letters a quarter mile high against the distant heavens, His Grace, the Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese, read the typewritten funeral oration below.

"He was a gweat man," read His Grace into the microphones, "a gweat, gweat all awound man . . ."

Every few seconds he sneaked an annoyed look up at Opal Nelligan.

THE BOARD of Estimate and Apportionment had passed the 1933 Budget of \$784,629,351.33 that afternoon, and Phillip Dorsey was preparing his forthcoming speech before the Citizens' Budget Committee. It was a little after 5 o'clock and the light was fading.

"Consider, for example," he had just written, "what this Freemasonry of Freebootery has done not for but to the school system," when his secretary came in and said a Mr. Joe Jones wanted to see him on a matter that had to do with municipal affairs.

"Joe Jones? Joe Jones? Does it sound important? I'm very busy."

"I don't know, Mr. Dorsey. He does seem to

be bursting with something. And he says he has exhibits."

"Exhibits, eh? Well, I suppose I'd better see him. Send him in."

He underlined the words *for* and *to* and laid down his fountain pen.

Mr. Joe Jones was a dim little man, scarcely more than five feet tall and of delicate build. He wore a rumpled overcoat of dark heather mixture and a dingy fedora. The fedora was in one hand and a bulging Boston bag in the other. Fastened to the left lens of his *pince nez* was a gold chain which traveled back over his ear. His eyes were pale green, white grape color, and his nose was pointed and he smiled slyly and all the time. Dorsey noticed that he walked with rather a mince as he crossed the room.

"Mr. Jones? What can I do for you?"

Dorsey leaned back in his swivel chair, rested his elbows on the arms, placed his fingers tip to tip.

"You can do a great deal, Mr. Dorsey, a great deal," said Mr. Jones in a quick, fluty voice.

"Something pertaining to city affairs, I think you told my secretary?"

"Oh, yes, pertaining to city affairs."

"And you have some, ah, some exhibits?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, I have the exhibits here in my bag."

Mr. Jones seemed hesitant and fussed with the chain of his *pince nez*. Suddenly Dorsey noticed that the other end of the chain was fastened to a little gold hairpin that Mr. Jones kept pulling out and pushing back in his fine blond hair.

"You are such a good man, Mr. Dorsey, so sincere. I've admired you for years. I'm sure you'll understand. Mr. Dorsey, what would you say if I told you I was the pony?"

The spring of the swivel chair gave a swift groan.

"You were the what!"

"The pony. The pony that caused all the removals. I see you don't believe me. Well, what do you say to that?"

He reached into the breast of his overcoat, drew out something that looked like a club and passed it to Dorsey handle first. It was a child's sawed-off ballbat, and screwed to its end was a small horseshoe, a pony's shoe. Muscle balls formed on the end of Dorsey's jawbones. He

could hear his breath coming and going through his nostrils.

"It was a protest," Mr. Jones was warbling on, "a protest on behalf of our dumb friends, who are wonderful in every way but just can't speak for themselves. For years I've been trying to get some action out of the City Hall on the dreadful trough shortage and the check rein evil. Today there are more than 65,000 horses within the Greater City and only seventy-one troughs for them to drink out of. Think of it! And the check rein evil. There is an ordinance against it, I know, but it's not enforced, Mr. Dorsey; it's not enforced any more than prohibition is enforced. For years I've written letters to our politicians. And what good did it do? Why last year, three troughs were actually removed. I've tried to put our dumb friends' case before them in person, time after time after time. But would they see me? Not once, not one single time. Finally I just lost patience and decided to protest. Direct action, Mr. Dorsey, that's the only way to get anything out of politicians. Direct action. Like the militant suffragettes."

"But how——"

"Oh, it was very simple. I just followed them. I'm a capital follower, Mr. Dorsey, and I've found it's surprising the places you can follow a person to if you just follow quietly. I'd decide on just which one I wanted to remove and then follow them until they got to a good place for removal. Then I just removed them and piled them around the way I wanted them. And then I'm the great little climber if I do say it myself. I'll show you, Dearsie. May I call you Dearsie? Such a cute name! The fellows call me Josie."

Mr. Jones fished out of his Boston bag four oval rubber disks with concave surfaces. Two had gloves on the back and the other two web straps. He took off his overcoat and pulled the disks with web attachments over his shoes and up his legs and adjusted them like a basketball player's knee pads. The other disks attached to the gloves he drew on his hands.

"Rubber," he said brightly.

He dipped into the Boston bag again, clapped something over his face and adjusted an elastic band back of his head. It was a false face, the false face of a pony. On top were little ears.

"All ready, now."



Mr. Jones went over to the wall, slapped it with his left hand and right knee.

"I'm sure this will interest you."

Mr. Jones went up the wall like a lizard. The disk made faint sounds like a pony pulling a hoof out of the mud.

"Now, the ceiling."

And there was the little pony false face hanging down right over Dorsey's desk. From behind it came soft, giggling whinneys.

"Whee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee!" Mr. Josie Jones was saying.

How he rose out of his petrification, seized the kiddy ballbat and reeled to the outer office, Dorsey never knew. Miss Sansome, with her hat and coat on, was just about to go home. The page of instructions in the front of the telephone book flashed before his mind.

"Awk-duck-goog," he heard himself say to Miss Sansome and felt himself going. He grabbed the back of a chair.

"Why, Mr. Dorsey! Are you sick?"

"Operator, I want a policeman," he gasped to Miss Sansome, who had worked for him nine years, and passed out cold.

MR. FEIN was the Danton. Frederick Lewis Allen in his praiseworthy and otherwise beautifully accurate "Those Terrible Thirties" (New York, 1941, 3 Technocracy Energy Units), refers to the disturbance of that Sunday, October 30th, in Malta as "the Unemployment Riots," and offers in evidence the estimates of current local newspapers that "at least one-fifth of the entire population of the Greater City joined in the demonstration." This is true so far as it goes, but it does not explain whence came the spark that blew up the arsenal. Mr. Fein was the spark, Mr. Sigmund Fein, Buttons, Badges, Banners. And the disturbances began as a Realtors' Riot, an Anti-Voters' Revolt, not as a headline ruckus.

That evening more than three thousand dinner-jacketed taxpayers sat down to the Assessed Property Owners' Protest Banquet in the Grand Ballroom of the Schlitz-Monopol. The *Directory of Directors* was heavily represented, and among the thirty-six organizations which sent delegates were the National Economy League, Malta Branch, the Building and Loan Club, the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, the Building Managers and Owners Association, the Better America Federation, the Better Business Association, the Real Estate Board and the Citizens' Budget Committee. (Phillip Dorsey had broken his nose on the chair when he swooned during the capture of Mr. Josie Jones and was unfortunately unable to leave his bed in St. Jerome's Hospital.) Warren S. Wheeler, President of the Real Estate Board, was the toastmaster, and seven speakers were chosen to harangue the Greater City's deflated bondholders.

The fifth speaker had said "Thank you," bobbed his head and sat down. Three thousand, six hundred and eleven pairs of well-kept hands rose before glossy shirt bosoms, pounded together thirty or forty times and then reached eagerly for

flasks and glasses. There was a gigantic tinkling and gurgling. Here and there a guffaw exploded above the bee-swarm zuzzing.

The toastmaster looked at his list and hoped the next two speakers would be able to get more recoil out of the embattled taxpayers. This was turning out to be just another banquet. He rose, cleared his throat and began to beat upon his tumbler with a spoon. Just as quiet started to come, a little man at a table in the center of the room rose and bawled:

"Mister Tussmester!"

Mr. Toastmaster beat harder on his tumbler and shouted something nobody heard.

*"Mister Tussmester!"*

"Gentlemen," Mr. Toastmaster was saying, "if you'll just quiet down a little I think Mr. Fein of the Favors Committee has something to say to us. Mr. Fein very kindly provided the little national flags you found beside your plates when you sat down. Quiet, please, for Mr. Fein."

"Mister Tussmester, we ain't getting nowhere."

Everywhere necks were craning and taxpayers were rising and peering.

"Louder, louder . . . yay, Fein . . . get up on the table . . . let him talk . . . pipe down . . . up on the table . . . yay, Fein . . . up on the table . . ."

Mr. Fein scrambled up on the table. In his right hand he held his little American flag.

"Mister Tussmester and fellow goats . . . yeah, goats. You're a goat. I'm a goat. We're all goats. Mister Tussmester's the biggest goat from all: he's president from the Rill Estate Board."

Mr. Fein signaled for silence with his flag.

"Poison'ly, Mister Tussmester and fellow goats, poison'ly, I'm getting tired eating all the tin kens our friends in City Hall has been feeding us the last few years. Even a goat becomes gradually tired from eating tin kens, tin kens, tin kens, tin kens.

"Tonight we ain't getting nowhere. Speeches we got. Committees we got. Yeah, and fellow goats, *Bodgets we got! Texes we got!*

"What do our friends in City Hall do with speeches, with committees? Ha! I'm leffing.

"'Goats!' they say, 'Goats! Jus' give 'em plenty tin kens. Don't be stingy with the tin kens. Don't be stingy with the BODGETS. Don't be stingy with the TEXES.'



"So gradually more bodgets we got, more texes we got. More rents the pippul got."

Mr. Fein's shoulders nearly touched his ears and his voice slid into a singsong.

"The pippul can't pay the rent. They move out. Your houses is empty. Your appottments is empty. Your buildings is empty. But more bodgets you got! More texes you got!

"You can't pay the bodgets. You can't pay the texes. You tell 'em you can't pay the texes. So what do our friends in City Hall say?

"Our friends in City Hall say: 'Ha, goats, so you don't pay the bodgets? So you don't pay the texes? You tired from all the nice tin kens we been giving you, ha? All right, goats, we give you something else. We give you GENGSTERS!'

"So now gengsters we got. A big, toff gengster gives you a visit.

" 'Ha, goat, so you tired from nice tin kens? Bodgets you ain't paying? Texes you ain't paying? Ha! ' "

Mr. Fein screwed his face up in a fierce scowl and shook his left fist.

" 'Goat, you pay the bodgets. Goat, you pay



the texes. If you don't, goat, tin kens you'll get with bums, with machine gons, with kidnaping, with woiks!'

"Ain't you tired from TIN KENS? Ain't you tired from BODGETS? Ain't you tired from TEXES? Ain't you tired from woiking, woiking, woiking, to keep hundred feefty tausend SCHLEMIELS, MOMSERS, LOAFERS in Tsity Hull?

"Don't this fleg mean nothing? Did you forget about the Boston Tea Potty, already? Rilltors of the woild unite! Arise you wictims from texation! Let's be going down to Tsity Hull and show our friends goats can bott! LATS BOTT TSITY HULL DOWN!"

The band in the gallery burst into "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mr. Fein swayed his body from hip to hip and waved his flag with both hands as though it were big as a bed sheet. Cheering like a fight crowd with a last round knockout imminent, three thousand, six hundred and eleven Assessed Property Owners leaped to their feet and stormed the elevators.

POLICE COMMISSIONER HOBELMAN stood among his deputies and inspectors on the top step of City Hall and gazed with dismay at the snowy acreage of three thousand, six hundred and eleven Boiled Shirts below him. Pressing the snowy acreage from behind and on either side was the great fluid mass of the Sans-chemises, rapidly filling up the front half of the five acre park in which the building stood. A double line of uniformed patrolmen with hands joined protected the steps.

“GOATS! GOATS! GOATS! GOATS!  
WE’RE THE TIRED GOATS, GOATS.  
GOATS! GOATS! GOATS! GOATS!

WE'RE THE TIRED GOATS, GOATS.  
GOATS! GOATS! GOATS! GOATS!  
WE'RE THE TIRED GOATS, GOATS."

chanted the boiled shirt choir with the maddening monotony of a jungle drum, and waved the little flags in unison.

The Commissioner shivered. Had everybody gone nuts? Among those idiots out there in the soup-and-fish he recognized several dozen of the richest men in the Greater City, erectors of skyscrapers and colossal apartment buildings, customers of his to whom he had sold plumbing supplies and fixtures for years. And there they were, most of them without hats or overcoats, standing in City Hall Park waving little flags and yelling about goats. Some of them carried two or three million dollars' worth of life insurance apiece. And now "Goats, goats, goats, goats." And they *looked* sober. What in hell was it all about? Once more the Commissioner shivered.

Inspector Hinchy's voice indicated an itch for action:

"All the mounties is in Grace Street, O.K.

now, Chief. Say the woid and they git the woiks an' plenty of it."

"For the love of God, Frank, hold those cosacks of yours steady. Some of the biggest people in town's out there, and if we touch 'em we'll all get hung. We got to make 'em go quiet some way. Lemme think now."

"Awright, Chief, but just say the woid an' woiks is what they git."

**"GOATS! GOATS! GOATS! GOATS!  
WE'RE THE TIRED GOATS, GOATS."**

Commissioner Hobelman shivered again.

IN THE BACK RANK of the Assessed Property Owners, Major Gen. Zebulon S. Hotchkiss, U.S.A. (retired), president of the Funk Hotel Chain, had just taken an appalling pull from his flask. Six feet three, still spare and swaybacked, he towered above his chubby *confrères* like some fierce fallen angel. A fine sight, the General there, in his dinner jacket, clean shaven, firm lipped, jowl-free, bareheaded. At West Point they called him Beautiful Zeb, and he was pivot man in the flying wedge when football players wore their hair long and worked under abattoir rules.

Smacking his lips in satisfaction, the General stuffed his flask into a hip pocket.

"Here, sir, try this."

The General looked down at a little man wearing a very dirty checked cap and his coat collar turned up and fastened with a horse-blanket safety pin.

"Try this, sir, go ahead."

The little man was smiling greasily and holding out something. The General looked down. It was a dornick, a smooth half-brick, with hardly any jagged edges to speak of.

"Go on, sir, you can do it. I couldn't wing it that far myself."

"GOATS, GOATS, GOATS, GOATS——"

The chant was dying down.

The General gravely wrapped his hand around the dornick.

"Try that big window over the steps, sir," the little man whispered. Gravely, the General drew back his arm without changing his fierce, set handsomeness in any discernible manner.

BAM! *Tinkle-inkle-inkle-inkle.*

There was an immediate "*Abbbbbb!*" of delight from the crowd as though a magnificent rocket had exploded overhead.



“GOATS! GOATS! GOATS! GOATS!”

The chant took on a redoubled vigor.

The Sans-chemises began closing in from the rear and both flanks.

“Bull’s-eye, sir! Here’s another one.”

BAM! *Tinkle-inkle-inkle-inkle.*

“Ahhhhh!”

Closer and closer pushed the Sans-chemises. From under a thousand coats dornicks came and were passed up to the Boiled Shirts.

Mr. Fein got one.

“Don’t be stingy with the dornicks,” he screamed, “it’s City dornicks. We paid for ’em. Give plenty dornicks.”

He hurled his with an overarm girlish motion. It struck Mr. Wheeler, toastmaster and President of the Real Estate Board, in the back of the neck and killed him.

“GOATS! GOATS! GOATS! GOATS!”

The Sans-chemises pushed the Boiled Shirts closer and closer to the double line of cops.

BAM! *Tinkle-inkle-inkle-inkle.*

BAM! *Tinkle-inkle-inkle-inkle.*

BAM! *Tinkle-inkle-inkle-inkle.*

Commissioner Hobelman roared in Inspector Hinchy's ear:

"Pass the word to those flatfeet down there not to sock none of the gentlemen in evening dress."

From one end of the double line to the other word went swiftly from mouth corners: "Chief says to lay off soup-n'-fish . . . lay off soup-n'-fish . . . lay off soup-n'-fish . . ."

Brass buttons were rubbing shirt studs.

From deep among the Sans-chemises a dornick whistled through the night and

BONG!

struck Patrolman Jacob Pabst, Shield No. 6472, on the cap. He fell back on the steps. The front line opened. Boiled Shirts were rammed through the hole by the crush of the Sans-chemises. The second line broke. And three thousand, six hundred and ten Assessed Property Owners were swarming up the steps.

“GOATS! GOATS! GOATS! GOATS!”

The broken ranks of cops, under orders not to sock the gentlemen in evening dress, were scattered to the sides and swallowed by the Sans-chemises who poured forward like an intrushing tide. To the Goats-rhythm the great bronze doors were heaved open on the fourth GOATS! It was hailing dornicks.

General Hotchkiss' silver head appeared through a window in the office of Comptroller Homer D. Weston on the second floor.

In went the head and out came a water cooler taking with it the sash. Next, a mimeograph machine. Next, a filing cabinet. Then a desk. It reminded the General of his shave-tailhood in the Boxer Rebellion. He hadn't had such a bully evening since the Armistice.

Boiled Shirts and Sans-chemises poured into the building, and furniture and fixtures cascaded from every window.

Suddenly those outside fighting to get in saw a pale, jumping, yellow light in the offices of Acting Mayor Porello on the northwest corner of the building.

“Ahhhhh!”

Boiled Shirts and Sans-chemises tumbled out through the smoke.

Soon the City Hall of the Greater City of Malta was a roaring torch.

Mr. Fein galloped up on a mounted cop's horse.

“The County Beelding! The County Beelding,” he shrieked.

Soon the County Building of the Grand Old County of Malta was a roaring torch, too.

BY 5 A.M. the Furlong Bar at Watzel's Roadhouse was packed with hundreds of ladies, the funniest little ladies that ever were seen. Some were big, roomy ladies with corrugated necks; others were scrawny and caterpillar-moustached. Some of the ladies had fresh, open faces; others were swarthy or hook-nosed. Most of the ladies smoked cigars, all of them had stubble on their chins. They leaned against the oval Furlong Bar awkward in their skirts, now and then hauling them up to get at trousers pockets, swallowing shot after shot without waiting for chasers, spitting elaborately on the cement floor, gabbling, gabbling, gabbling in fear and rage while fifty-six bartenders worked themselves into a lather. All

the blinds were drawn; the room was lit by a seven-branched candlestick on top of the main cash register. Uniformed patrolmen stood shoulder to shoulder with burly Lowells at every window, their machine guns at the ready.

Suddenly there was a tremendous pounding and thumping on the icebox door at the north side of the room. The gabbling ceased instantly, and the muzzle of every machine gun swung around. Nobody moved for a full minute. The pounding and thumping echoed through the room. Finally, at a nod from a police captain, the headwaiter tiptoed to the icebox door, opened it an inch, peered through the crack.

"For Gawd's sake, Jake, open up."

And in walked John Norris (Jolly John) Holtsapple.

He was wearing a dressing sacque of green gingham, and on the great head sat a boudoir cap with a wide pink ribbon. Behind him came McQuilty in widow's weeds, the heavy black veil thrown up over the squashed hat and italicizing the fish-belly white of his face. Mike Raffigan's agonized orang-utan expression was hidden by a blue sun bonnet which matched his Mother



Hubbard. Loftus came last, in a knitted blue jumper. On his hat were cherries and in his mouth a Corona Perfecto.

"John . . . John . . . Ahhhhh, John . . ."

They swarmed around him like the peoples of Europe around Woodrow Wilson before Versailles. The march to the bar was an ovation. Over the mahogany they lifted him.

"John!"

Waving a bottle of rye, he stood on an up-ended beer keg and made them men again.

"Turn on the lights. Pull up them blinds. You boys at the windows put away them squirt-guns. It's all over. I just talked to Heinie Hobelman on the phone and everything's under control. The Governor called out the militia an hour ago, and it's all over but a little smoke yet. When I get through talking you can all go back home and get some sleep."

(Swig.)

"Well, girls, how do you like my outfit? Pretty swell, ain't it. Just something I made myself at home off'n a pattern I seen in the paper."

With the bottle neck he indicated his three companions lined up at the bar.

"You all know the Widdy McQuilty there? Poor old widdy woman. Sure, Mrs. McQuilty, and I'm sorry for all yer trouble. The Widdy thinks this here little affair's a wake when it's really a wedding. You all know Rebecca Raffigan, there? Rebecca-of-Sunnybrook-Farm Raffigan. Rebecca's the maid of honor. And Lizzie Loftus there? Sure you know Lizzie. Lizzie, them's the loveliest cherries in your hat, dear, they make me hungry. Lizzie's our bridesmaid, boys. Poor old Liz. Always a bridesmaid but never a bride. Stick to it, Liz. Here, have a shot of this Listerine."

(Swig, Swig.)

"We come out here in a truck fulla old cement sacks. I can't hardly talk with all the cement and burlap I got inside me. (Swig.) But it's a great thing for the vision. Any time any you boys can't see your way ahead just take a good long ride under some old cement sacks. It shakes up the wits wonderful. And now lemme tell you about this here vision."

(Swig. Swig. Swig.)

"This here gathering reminds me of the party caucuses we used to have back in the old days before there was primaries. Like old Fred Wren-

ker used to say: 'No place to hold a caucus like a saloon, except maybe a livery stable.' I remember one time we held one at Mme. Jessie Bruno's, and was that a success! But then the reformers put in the primaries, so all that hadda go. Too bad."

(Swig.)

"But lemme tell you about this vision. While I was laying there under them bags, I seen in my mind the City Hall in flames. I seen the County Building in flames. The City Hall of the Greater City of Malta and the County Building of this grand old county, all in flames that the dirty, low-down Socialist lieutenants of Trotsky we got here boring from within set on fire for Russian gold. And, friends, I seen it was the end of something.

"Something ended when them two lovely landmarks went up in flames, friends, and I'll tell you what it was. It was the Two-Party System died, that's what died. Anyways, as far as this Greater City and this grand old County's concerned.

"As I laid there under them bags, I thought of the words of our next President of the United

States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. 'A new deal,' he says, 'it's time for a new deal all around.' And he was right. You're gonna see that a week from tomorrow when the people march to the polls. But here's how the new deal's gonna work out right here in this Greater City and this grand old County.

"As far as this Greater City and this grand old County's concerned, there ain't any more Democrats and there ain't any more Republicans. We're just one big family with our backs to the wall fighting shoulder to shoulder against the rotten Bolsheviki maggots eating at the vitals of the city, Our Greater City, that we love. One great big solid party, the Greater Malta, I Love You Party, the NON-PARTEESIAN Party!"

He had time for four swigs.

"Yes, friends, the Non-Parteeseians, that's us. That's us from right now on. And how we gonna vote a week from tomorrow? We're gonna vote for our next President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, or we're gonna vote for the guy that's been trying to run things since 1928, or you can even vote for this Bolsheviki, Thomas, if you want to. That's either here or

there. But do you know how the Greater Malta, I Love You Party's gonna vote, the Non-Par-teesian Party? WE'RE GONNA GET BE-HIND THE CITY MANAGER AMEND-MENT!

"Yessir, that's what we're gonna do. I see some of your faces fall, but that's because you don't know nothing about it. I know all about it. I been studying it lately, and, friends, I tell you it's a great thing, a wonderful thing. It's the only thing that can save us now from this Bolsheviki menace that's all the time boring from within and set fire to those two beautiful landmarks we all loved so well last night. It's the only thing'll keep the cherries on our hats.

"Listen. This is the whole thing in a nutshell. A City Manager's got to have a City Council. He's hired by the Council at so and so much a year, get it? He's hired by the Council. *Without the Council tells him to, he can't spend a dime.* What is this City Council? *It's just another name for the Board of Aldermen.* Do you begin to ketch on?

"And who'll be our City Manager? (And don't let me hear no more of this 'City Mugager'



stuff from now on or there'll be trouble.) Why, nobody but the Honable Dea-Phillip C. Dorsey, the man who single-handed caught the Pony Murderer, that's who. Who else would there be? He caught the Pony Murderer, didn't he? He's been trying to put this City Mug—Management over for years, ain't he? Who else but Phil Dorsey?

"Nobody else, friends, nobody else. And now lemme see you all go home and get behind this Greater Malta, I Love You, this Non-Parteesian Party, and put over this City Management a week from tomorrow that's gonna save Our Grea'er Ci'y an' Our Gran' Ole Coun'y and keepa cherries on our ha's, Frens, I thang you."

Loftus leaped on the bar and began to sing:

"Oh Dearsie Dorsey came to town,  
A-riding on a pony.  
Kep' the cherries on our hat  
And called it City Mugagement!"

The queerest little ladies that ever were seen  
took it up until the bottles rattled.



GREATER MALTA went to the polls on Election Day and when the smoke lifted these were the main results:

Roosevelt	Hoover	Thomas
(D)	(R)	(S)
1,437,231	575,031	120,486

Only 607 persons voted NO on City Management.

As a token of the public temper, on 306,418 ballots was scrawled for President the name of Josie Jones who was awaiting execution in the death house of State's Prison. Of course these ballots had to be thrown away.

“Nevertheless,” said Mr. Jones, pausing in his checker game with a *confrère* in the next cell, when informed of the news, “nevertheless, it was very gratifying. Shows what a protest can do in these times. Your move, I think.”

BY THE FIRST of the year the horde of professors and municipal experts who had flocked to the Greater City to help it draw up its new charter had departed. On January 2nd there was an election. Sixty-five solid Muldoons, all of the Greater Malta, I Love You or Non-Parteesian Party were sent to the City Council by walloping majorities and Acting Mayor John T. Porello was made Mayor. Under the new dispensation, it was merely his duty to preside over the Council, Greet Distinguished Guests, Throw Out the First Ball, Snip the Ribbon to Open the New Street, and fulfill the other obligations so important a part of metropolitan mayoralty. Phillip Dorsey was offered the

City Managership, and after a talk with Holt-sapple he accepted it.

"We need you, Phillie, my boy; this Greater City needs you. And you need us."

On the night of Saturday, January 14th, they tendered the new champion a dinner in the grand ballroom of the Schlitz-Monopol. His broken nose gave him a more formidable appearance, and he had let his moustache grow.

"Why, darling, you're getting to look like T. R.!" Hattie had said that morning.

"Nonsense," he growled. But he was delighted.

Six thousand sat down at that banquet, six thousand, all solid Non-Parteesians, Lovers of the Greater City. When Dorsey rose to speak they howled and screamed and whistled for twenty minutes. Tears filled his eyes as he watched the frenzied waving napkins. City Manager. He was City Manager. How good they all were, and fine and human! How wrong he had been about them all.

"My friends," he began, "tonight is the happiest night I have ever lived."

THAT SAME NIGHT Mike Raffigan counted the last truck from the splintery platform of the Administration Building at Muswell's Island.

"Three hunnad *an'* forty-one. Some parade. You know, Orv, I never see them cinders——"

"Ashes, Mike, ashes."

"Awright, *ashes*. But it's funny. I never see them *ashes* without tryin' to think of the name of that pitcher I seen oncet. There was a big paradea trucks, just like this here, only it wasn't ashes in the trucks, it was soldiers. Geez, I wish I could think of the name."

"Wasn't 'I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang,' was it?"

“ ‘Chain Gang’? Noooh, it wasn’t ‘Chain Gang.’ This here was a war pitcher. Lemme think now . . . ”

*THE END*



THE  
JOHN DAY



COMPANY  
INC.





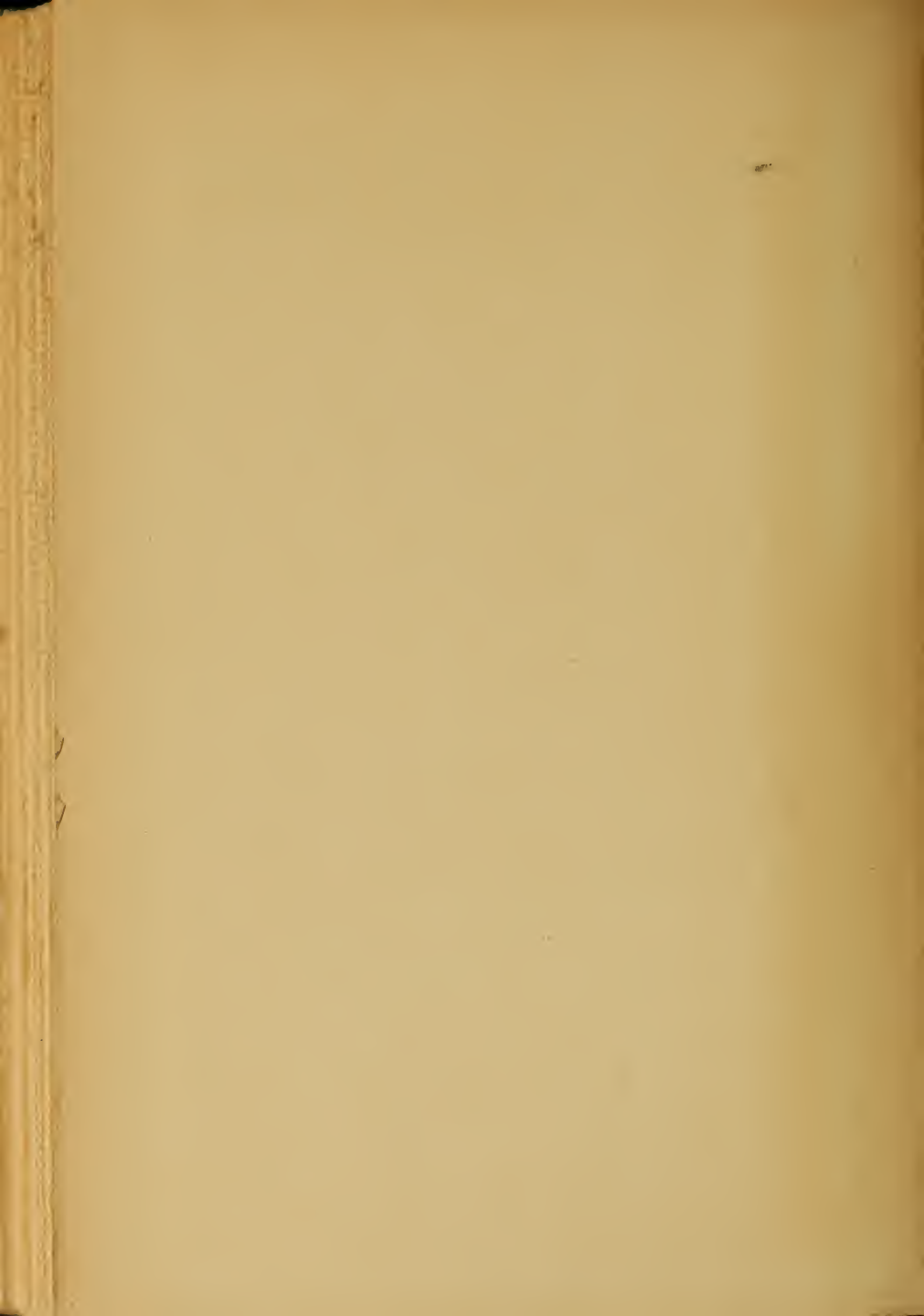














University of  
Connecticut  
Libraries

---

